

JAPAN & THE JAPANESE

WALTER TYNDALE



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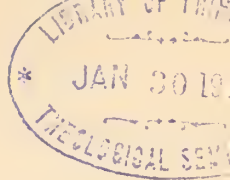
THE KWANNON AT ASAKUSA

JAPAN & THE JAPANESE

BY
✓
WALTER TYNDALE

WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
BY THE AUTHOR

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PREFACE

I FEEL that I need some justification for adding to the number of books written on Japan, a country which has been described by writers of great literary ability whose long residence in the country has familiarized them with its people, their institutions, and their everyday life.

The outward appearance of things is what, of necessity, concerns the painter most ; but whilst in search of artistic material amongst the gardens and habitations of so interesting a people, the painter, too, could not fail to get an insight into much that the outward appearance suggests.

It was my privilege to make the acquaintance

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and even to win the friendship of many Japanese, who not only with great kindness made me welcome to their homes, but also gave me information on many subjects which may prove of interest to readers, both to those who have themselves paid a flying visit to Japan, and also to those, less fortunate in this respect, who have watched with interest the development of that country and its increasingly friendly relations with our own.

I take this opportunity of thanking the owners of beautiful gardens which I was allowed to paint as illustrations to a second book. To see and paint these was, indeed, a main object of my voyage to the Far East. This book is now being written by Mr. Basil Taylor, and will be published next year.

I also thank the European residents for the hospitality and the valuable information they gave me. Lastly, I wish to express my thanks—and how can I do so sufficiently?—to those whose works were my constant companions

PREFACE

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while cut off from current literature—to the late Lafcadio Hearn, to A. B. Mitford (now Lord Redesdale), and to Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, who first awoke my interest in “Things Japanese.”

W. T.

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JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE

CHAPTER I

ARRIVAL AT MOJI AND THE INLAND SEA

THE rising sun threw a disc of golden light on the panelling facing the porthole of my cabin. The throb of the propeller had ceased, making other noises more audible. These awakened me from my sleep, and also to the joyful fact that at last we had reached Moji, our first port of call in the land of the Rising Sun.

Though I had come to this country to spend the best part of a twelvemonth, I could not defer getting my first peep of it a minute longer. It was only half-past four in the morning, yet all was in motion on deck. Lighters, laden with a greasy-looking coal, were being made fast to each side of the ship, and the queerest-looking little people were busy erecting bamboo scaffolding from these lighters up to the main-deck.

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How they were going to get the coal on board puzzled me at the time. Instead of a sloping gangway, they were constructing a series of little platforms, five or six feet one above the other, and fastened to the ship in the most ingenious manner. In a very short while an agile little fellow stood on each platform, and, one after the other, thousands of little baskets full of coal were passed up from hand to hand and emptied into the bunkers. A woman stood at the head of each of these erections to throw the empty baskets back into the lighters. Six hundred tons were to be taken in before we could proceed, and since the baskets were scarcely larger than a bowler hat, I feared that we should be stuck at Moji for some days.

A notice was posted up that no photographs were to be taken, as we were near some fortifications. I had not the consolation that I should be able to fill up the time by making a sketch or two. Captain Peters, who commanded the good ship *Somali*, was ever ready to accommodate his passengers in any way consistent with his duty, and when he forbade sketching-things or cameras to leave the ship, we felt sure that he had good reasons for doing so. He consoled us, however,

with the assurance that before dusk we should be ready to proceed to Kōbe.

Foggy weather had followed us all the way from Shanghai, and after four weeks in the tropics we had felt the cold bitterly. To see the sun again and feel its warmth as the morning advanced put the few remaining passengers in the best of spirits, and we were all agog to get ashore. When the launch was ready to start, Moji still lay in the shadow of the hills that back it, and the sun struck fully on Shimonoseki, a mile away on the northern side of the strait. We decided on Moji first, leaving Shimonoseki till after tiffin. Now, as the former is little more than a coaling-station, I expected to find it very much Europeanized, and was well prepared against being disappointed. On leaving the quay, which certainly savoured of the Occident, we turned up the main street, which was as Japanese as anything we could wish to see.

The little town was *en fête*: it was the fifth of May, on which the birthdays of all the little boys are kept. Huge paper or cotton carps hung from long bamboo poles. The wind, entering at the open mouths of these fish, inflates them, and they sway about somewhat in the way

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they would in their natural element. The idea is that, as the carp overcomes all obstacles in going upstream, so the boy will have to fight his way in the world to rise to fame and fortune. No school that day for the lads; they were at liberty to follow us about and stare at the foreigners. One of our party was a man of many inches. He would strike anyone in London as being exceptionally tall, but here it was as if a giant had turned up for the children's amusement. They were well-behaved, barring the staring; but this, I have since discovered, is not considered rude—which is unfortunate for anyone who proposes sketching in the streets.

Most of the shops looked as if they dealt in Japanese curios, and it was hard to realize that these articles were not displayed to sell to tourists. They were, in truth, but the many quaint little things which are in daily use here. The foodstuffs were mostly fish—queer-looking creatures some of them—and would have looked more in place in spirits on a museum shelf; others resembled to a remarkable degree their counterfeit presentments which were floating from the bamboo poles.

I was delighted not to see a vestige of European clothing, either for sale or on any of the people, except on a five-foot-nothing policeman.

But for the substantial roofs the dwellings suggested dolls'-houses, and the infants looked for all the world like dolls I had seen at Liberty's come to life. Half the population had babies slung on their backs—hardly a girl or woman without one—and some of the little girls, who were scarcely more than babies themselves, were getting into training with a doll tied on in the same manner. Baby-carrying is not confined to the gentler sex either, for I saw many a boy with a baby peeping over his shoulder, and he would play at tipcat or hopscotch quite regardless of his human burden.

The women did not look to me as if they had stepped out of a screen, as Pierre Loti describes them, for they suggested hard work more than ornament. The type which he describes does exist, but is not often met with amongst the workaday folk.

What adds not a little to the picturesqueness of a Japanese street are the Chinese characters in which all is written. A soap or pill advertisement, boldly painted in this lettering, decorates

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rather than vulgarises the space which it occupies. Not being able to read it may have something to do with this.

There are no "sights" to be done at Moji, so we could spend all our time looking into the shops; could see the women preparing their dinners, having their hair dressed—a serious business this—the men plying their various trades, and the hundred little things which go to make up the life in a small town. On a fine day the paper slides are all thrown open, and everything is done in view of the public. As it is not considered rude to watch anyone at his work, there was constant entertainment. This is often interesting nearer home, but here in this land of topsy-turveydom it is especially so.

The carpenter surprised me by drawing his saw towards him instead of thrusting it through the wood. He also drew his plane instead of pushing it forward. Some builders at work were constructing the roof before the foundations of the house were laid. Some countrywomen wore trousers, while some of the men wore skirts. Nearly every house which we saw here and at Shimonoseki was a shop of sorts, yet most of the articles with which we are

familiar were not to be seen. No butcher, no baker, and a paper-lantern shop took the place of the candlestick maker. The greengrocer had hardly a familiar vegetable on his stall—seaweed took the place of cabbages ; bamboo shoots were in lieu of carrots ; a white root two and more feet long, I was informed, was a radish. The toy-shops were perhaps the most entertaining, and being the birthday of the boys, trade was brisker than usual.

I said above that hairdressing was a serious business. We passed the coiffeur again an hour or more later, and the same lady was still sitting there, with a little hand-mirror, suggesting various amendments, which were being discussed both by the operator and by the onlookers. This is so lengthy a process that the humbler classes can only afford to undergo it once a week. The women therefore sleep without a pillow, substituting for it a wooden head-rest, which fits under the neck and does not disarrange the hair. The age, state, and station in life can be told by the way it is dressed. Hat or bonnet does not exist, so what the women spend at the hairdresser's is more than compensated for in lessening the milliner's account. Jet-black is the only colour,

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and with the help of oil the hair shines like a newly-blackened boot.

Beyond the shop may be seen the living-room of the proprietor, unless the *shōji*, or paper slides, be closed. All is raised some two feet from the ground, and while making a purchase the buyer can sit on the edge of this platform ; should he wish to go further in, he must take off his boots. The cleanliness and good-humour of the Japanese is perhaps what strikes the foreigner more than anything else.

We were fortunate in landing on a fine day, for first impressions are more precious than many which a longer stay can produce.

We devoted the afternoon to Shimonoseki, which is considerably larger than Moji ; but the size of a town in Japan seems to bear no relation to the size and importance of its streets and buildings. The houses were as small and the shops as modest as those of her neighbours across the strait. The only sign of the Europeanization which has been going on now for forty years past was the station and a hotel for foreigners. These were built in solid materials, whereas all the other houses were wooden-framed.



THE BIRTHDAY OF THE BOYS

I am forgetting the telegraph-poles ; these are in every town and village. At home we seldom see one in a street, but here they are as plentiful as lamp-posts, and more obtrusive than in Europe from being so much taller than the houses. Except for the small boys, who were celebrating their birthdays with trumpet and drum, the streets were quiet. No horses were to be seen, and the only conveyances were jinrickshas. A bicycle ridden by a youth in kimono and wooden clogs, with a Chinese lantern nearly as big as himself, looked somewhat incongruous.

Shimonoseki is an old town, but in its outward appearance there is nothing to suggest this. The life of a Japanese dwelling is seldom more than a generation ; even the temples have to be renewed so often that there is seldom anything of the original left if they date back more than a couple of centuries. In doing the sights of a European city, it is usual to seek the oldest parts, and the buildings lose in interest as they get nearer to our own times. This is not so in Japan ; age adds little beauty to a Japanese house, and the temples lose more than they gain in appearance by the lapse of time. With the setting of the latter it is, of course, different, for

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age is necessary to produce the magnificent evergreens, and to clothe the stone balustrades and lanterns with moss and lichen.

How much the town was knocked about during the bombardment in 1864 it is hard to say, for there is probably not a house dating previously to that.

Let us hope that the combined fleets of Great Britain, France, the United States, and Holland, expended their ammunition only on the forts which were there. A few rockets and some stones might have sufficed to destroy the town. This use of a steam-hammer to crack an egg, known as the "Shimonoseki affair," had a far-reaching effect on the history of this country. It destroyed the power of the Shōganate. Four years later the constitution of the country was reorganized, and the Mikado ceased to be a mere puppet in the hands of the Shōgun, as his forbears had been for seven centuries past. Modern Japan dates from this the year of *Meiji*; 1862 is the first year of the new era.

Paper lanterns were lit and paper slides were closed when we got on the launch to return to the *Somali*. What struck us in the full light of day as pretty, quaint, and ingenious became

grand as seen from some distance and in the light of a glorious sunset.

The pulsation of the ship's propeller soon made us aware that we were on our way to Kōbe. It was consoling that the first sixty miles of the inland sea is the least interesting, so that we would not lose much during the night. Rising early next morning, we found ourselves well among the numerous islands (several thousand according to the Japanese) which give to this sea its unique character. Some are large and mountainous, with fishing villages studding the shores, whilst others are little more than projecting rocks, with a few fantastically-shaped pines outlined against the sky. We never lost sight of them during the day; sometimes, both on the port and starboard sides, could we see the inhabitants, and in one instance the channel narrowed down to within a ship's length.

Volcanic islands have a distinctive character, and resemble each other to a great extent, yet there is a something in these which suggests Japan and no other country. Is it that the twisted pines and curiously-shaped rocks have figured so often in Japanese prints, or is it merely that they form the background to the

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numerous trading-junks and fishing-craft which have so strong an impress of this country ?

The colour seemed more intense than that of the Mediterranean Isles as I remember them ; the day may have been especially favourable in that respect. There was so much to see from both sides of the ship that we felt the want of an interval. When the bell rang for tiffin we were satiated with islands, and allowed them to slip by without taking a glance through the port-holes.

A slight mist changed the whole aspect during the afternoon. The rocks were not now cut up into patches of light and shade, but loomed up in bold silhouettes against the grey, often taking the most grotesque shapes. One would suggest the form of a dragon, another some character in "Les Contes Drollatiques," or some of those huge heads without which no pantomime seems complete. The profile of a well-known statesman of a passing generation figured prominently, and I saw once more in fancy an old lady of whom I stood in awe as a small boy, a pine doing duty for the frilling of her cap. As the sun sank behind a bank of fog that lay nearer the horizon the channel widened, the islands

gradually disappeared till only a few mountain-tops, which caught the light from the setting sun, were visible.

Before turning in, our course lay close to the shore of Shikoku, the large island that shuts off the inland sea from the Pacific Ocean. The coast-line here twists about in such an extraordinary manner that none save the pilot could tell what was mainland and what were islands. The latter increased in number as we advanced, and occasionally the *Somali* seemed to be steaming straight into the rocks ; she would, however, get within a few hundred yards of the lighthouse, then, rapidly changing her course, enter a channel which had been invisible to us till then.

The mist diffused the light of the moon ; the high land around us showed clearly against the sky ; where land and water met could only be told by the lights on innumerable fishing-craft which lay fast to their nets. The buoys attached to these nets also carried a light. Some reached to within a few yards of our ship ; but the course of the steamers is well known by the fisher-folk, and I was told that it rarely happened that any nets got fouled.

The day had been full of interest. What we

had witnessed by the light of the sun was as nothing compared to the beauty now seen by the light of a hazy moon. Rocks glided past us, sharp-cut against the sky, and lost in the mist below, now hiding, now revealing dimmer and more graceful outlines of mountains beyond.

The fishermen's lights in the distance, lying still like glow-worms, swayed gently about as they neared our ship, dimly lighting the craft to which they were fixed, or masked by the dark form of the man on watch.

These things combined to make a picture never, I fear, to be adequately painted or described by the writer who gazed on it from the silent deck.

I was loath to leave so enchanting a scene, but the lateness of the hour and the increasing cold compelled me to turn in.

CHAPTER II

KŌBE

KŌBE faced us as we got on deck the next morning. We lay opposite the foreign settlement. The poetic vision of the previous night was replaced by a prosaic European town.

I was glad to reach the end of my voyage ; but each look at this prosperous and commonplace-looking town made my heart sink farther within me. The idea that I had travelled ten thousand miles and more to paint this added a grim humour to my depression.

The worries of packing, the question of tips, the landing and Custom-house formalities, had their use in diverting my thoughts.

Some letters of introduction obliged me to halt at Kōbe, and I soon found myself installed in a large European hotel, "replete with every comfort," but with nothing in it to remind me of Japan, except some waiters whose features ill-

harmonized with the Western clothes which they wore.

The fear that I had got to Japan too late for the cherry-blossom took away my appetite for an excellently prepared lunch, and the dining-room, which the manager informed me was the largest east of Suez, but which only contained one guest besides myself, added to my depression. I asked about the cherry-blossom, only to hear that there had been very little this year, and that the stormy weather had dispersed it all. "Is the wistaria over?" I asked, in the voice one asks a dentist whether the tooth should come out or not. "No." He thought he had seen some somewhere, but could not exactly recall the place. Seeing my distress, he went to make some inquiries, and found out that the cherry was still in blossom at Arima, a hill-station some twenty miles north of Kōbe. I decided to go there the very next morning, devoting my afternoon to calling on the people to whom I had letters, and hunting for wistaria at the same time.

The kind reception given me by the Consul and his charming wife revived my spirits, and a pretty subject in a non-Europeanized part of

the town made me feel again that life was worth living. It was a temple approach, with a purple patch of wistaria just in the right place. The wistaria looked not yet fully out, so I felt that this could wait a day or two, but that Arima must be reached as soon as possible. I ran across my late cabin companion, the man of many inches, whom I have mentioned before. Since he and a young naval officer, also a fellow-passenger, expressed a wish to see Arima, arrangements were soon made, and at an early hour the next morning we found ourselves in the train, which circles round the base of the range of hills which backs Kōbe.

We had the promise of a lovely day, and it was cold enough to enjoy the warmth of the sun slanting in at the carriage windows. There must have been some fair on in a neighbouring town, for when we stopped at the first station after leaving the European settlement the train crowded up with people of both sexes and all ages. When the third-class compartments were packed till there was hardly standing room, they filled up the seconds, and those least in a hurry were finally accommodated in the first-class carriages. A certain feeling of awe seemed to

overcome the holiday-makers as they gazed at the unwonted luxury around them, and when this wore off we came in for a good deal of their attention. When the man of many inches happened to rise, all eyes went to the ceiling to see if he would bump his head.

Sitting with their feet hanging down seemed to give them the fidgets, and presently the boldest one would drop his *getas* (the wooden clogs they wear), and tuck his feet under him on the cushion. The others soon followed suit, and a row of clogs lined the floor.

The *geta* is so characteristic a form of footgear that it deserves some elucidation. It varies considerably—so much so that, without being a Sherlock Holmes, it was easy to gauge the status of the wearer after a little examination. A stout piece of wood, the size and shape more or less of the sole of a boot, is raised from the ground by two pieces jointed in underneath and crosswise to the grain of the wood. Should the wearer be a lady below the height considered the proper one for her sex, she can add two or three inches to her stature by means of these slips. Where the latter are barely sufficient to protect her white *tabi* from the mud, you may feel sure that



APPROACH TO IKUTA TEMPLE

the owner is tall enough not to require this assistance. Two straps are so fixed that they give the foot a good grip, very much as in the classic sandal.

The *tabi* is a canvas sock, digitated like a one-fingered glove, and allows the strap to pass between the big and second toes. Some *getas* have a leather covering for the toes, and are only worn in wet weather. The well-to-do have soles of prettily-plaited straw, and have red silk coverings to the straps, while the soles of the poorer folk have nothing between the hard clog and their socks. The construction is also modified to suit a short or long journey. Where a long distance has to be walked, the slips of wood which raise the clog are replaced by short thick clumps.

I discovered later that fashion plays its part here as well as in other articles of apparel. The Kyōto geisha would not be seen cluttering about the streets in similar ones to those her sisters wear in Tōkyō, and *vice versa*.

While contemplating this footgear, my mind reverted to a similar scene outside a shrine in Upper Egypt, where such shoes of the faithful as were not worth stealing were left. What a

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different people, and what different conditions of living they suggested ! Outside that shrine the dusty slippers were only those of men ; here, on the floor of the railway-carriage, the clogs of men, women, and children lay as labels to a strangely different-looking people, squatting indiscriminately on the bench above. The unfamiliar language, instead of the Arabic which I had been so long accustomed to hear ; the pleasant warmth of the sun as it shone through the open window, instead of being carefully shut out with double blinds ; the absence of dust, and even the mud on some of the clogs, all made me realize how far the *Somali*, which we could still see in Kōbe Harbour, had brought us. If the contrast inside the railway-carriage was striking, how much greater was it in looking out ! Had I come straight from England the green hillsides would have appeared natural enough, but for a long time past I had been accustomed to see no verdure except where the fertilizing waters of the Nile reached during its flood.

We drew up at a station, the name of which was given in English as well as in the quaint Chinese characters. The traveller was informed by a painted notice underneath that he was a

mile and a quarter from a plum garden ; other places of interest were also given, such as the tomb of some poet or the sacred shrine of a god. Now what other people in the world would be sufficiently interested in the beauty of the blossoming plum-tree to make such a notice opportune ? At other stations I saw directions as to the distance of a cherry orchard, of a peony garden, or of the tomb of a couple of young lovers who had ended a hopeless attachment by dying together. There were probably also advertisements of soaps and pills, but they happily were not translated into English, so might, as far as I knew, have been Buddhist texts or quotations from the poets anent the beauty of the surrounding landscape.

As the line circled round the base of the hills, the sea and the low-lying rice-fields got cut off from our view ; we were also rising considerably, and on reaching Namaze, our last station, we found ourselves in a beautiful valley. Rokkōzan dominated the mountains lying between us and Kōbe.

Here we engaged rickshaws, under the fond delusion that we should get over the six or seven miles still to be traversed rather faster ; but as

there was barely a level stretch of road the whole way, we might have dispensed with these carriages. There was a good deal of talk on the part of the rickshaw-men before we started, and from various signs I gathered that the one of our friend of many inches wanted a second man to help him up the steeper gradients. This was agreed to, but as the sun got hotter and the road steeper, the perspiring little *kurumaya* had no heavier loads to draw up than our coats and my few sketching materials.

It was a perfect day. A deep blue sky was overhead, with sufficient clouds to cast fine shadows on the hills. A mist hung about the lower part of the valley, giving the hills an appearance of height which in reality they do not reach. Rokkōzan had not yet lost its winter covering of snow, and looked quite a respectable mountain. The general aspect of the scenery reminded me of some parts of the Pyrenees; it was in the detail where the difference lay: the stone Buddha instead of the crucifix on the roadside, thatched cottages instead of the grey slates, toy-like water-mills with overshot wheel fed through a long bamboo, the scarlet *torii* at the foot of a flight of stone steps leading to a Shinto

shrine hid in the clump of trees above, besides plants, butterflies, and beetles such as I had never seen in Europe.

These and many other things brought it home to me how far I was from the South of France, and yet farther from a little spot in Surrey of which I hardly dared to think. That lump in the throat which only the homesick know had to be swallowed, for the best part of a year in Japan still lay before me. On such a day as this dismal thoughts are soon dispelled; the more rarefied air as we approached Arima, and the delights of a country walk after the long confinement on ship-board, filled us with what the French express so well, *la joie de vivre*.

The little town was much more picturesque than I expected. Having heard it described as a summer resort of the Kōbe European residents, I anticipated villas and hotels in keeping with the plate-glass shop-fronts and counting-houses of the settlement. There were villas and also hotels, but they were all Japanese in outward appearance.

A little country house built in the native style can be run up at a quarter or less of the cost of a European one of the same dimensions. This

has saved many a pretty place from being spoilt, for a Brixton villa here would look as much out of place as a Japanese *uchi* would look in Brixton. The name of the inn to which we had been recommended had slipped our memories, and each rickshaw-man had a different one which he declared was the best ; this, we knew, meant where he would get the best commission.

A quaint little landlady, with three giggling daughters, welcomed us to her hostelry. "European food, no take off boots, speak Eengris." I fancy that the young naval officer wished to hear how much "Eengris" the prettiest of the three daughters could speak ; we therefore decided to lunch here. The landlady had about exhausted her stock of English in her opening speech, and the daughters we found, on further acquaintance, could only giggle in that language. We followed one of these "three little maids from school" up a steep flight of stairs. The giggling developed into a peal of laughter when the man of many inches bumped his head against the ceiling. I had hardly finished laughing myself when my cranium came in contact with something hard overhead, and I did not think it at all funny ;

our tall friend did, however. So much depends on the point of view.

The room into which we were shown was that of any Japanese *yadoya*, with matted floor, paper slides, and shallow recess with the hanging *kakemono*. A table and some chairs were the only evidence of its being a foreign hotel. It looked foreign enough to us, but not foreign in the way our landlady intended it to look. As if to prove what a European establishment it really was, one of the little maids from school slid back what we took for a wall, to allow us to admire the bedroom beyond. An iron bedstead, about half the length of our tall friend, stood here alone on a large space of matting, with not a stick of any other furniture to be seen. There was something almost pathetic about this solitary bedstead, and I was about to propose raising a fund to allow us to add some article or other just to keep it company, when a cackling and fluttering of fowls diverted our attention.

Our lunch was apparently only being caught. We none of us knew exactly how long it takes to cook a fowl, but we agreed that it took an appallingly long time. They hadn't even succeeded in catching the lunch, and it was only

when the three little maids joined forces that they were able to drive one of the hens into an outhouse, and the "cawk, cawk, cawk" which followed revived our hopes.

To our surprise, lunch appeared within five minutes, and though we had several dishes, there was no fowl. Poached eggs formed a part of the menu, and what connection there was between these eggs and the disturbance in the fowl-roost I was only to learn on another occasion, when a hen-wife, being short of an egg, assisted a dilatory hen in her "accouchement" by a kind of massage.

This little inn seemed strange to me then, but, compared with a genuine Japanese *yadoya* where no foreigners are expected, it was ordinary enough.

Now for the cherry-blossom, the chief object of this long excursion.

With a good deal of difficulty we got the landlady to understand for what I was searching, and one of her three daughters was sent with us as a guide. At every turning I hoped to see "the dazzling mist of snowy blossoms clinging like summer cloud-fleece about every branch and twig," as Lafcadio Hearn so prettily expresses it.



CHERRY TREES AT ARIMA

The first cherry-trees which we found were already getting into leaf, and a sickening feeling that I had reached Japan too late got hold of me.

The little maid beckoned to us to come on, and after walking round to the north side of a little knoll, we saw, to our delight, two graceful little trees still in full bloom. They stood near the foot of a flight of stone steps leading to a Shinto shrine partly hid in a grove of evergreens. The pinky-white blossom differs from that of the edible cherry at home, being double and very much thicker, and forms a more solid mass of colour and light against the darker background.

I soon got to work, for there were but two or three more hours of daylight left. I bid farewell to my two companions, who were anxious to get back to Kôbe before sundown.

I sketched away like one all possessed. It was a delight to dip my brush into colour again. The sight of the pigments put me in spirits. It was like meeting old friends in a strange land. The last time we had worked together they were reproducing, as well as I could persuade them, the barren cliffs which encircle Hatshepsu's shrine at Thebes. With what a different task

they were to help me now ! Everything I saw was waking up from its winter's sleep—moss and lichen vied with each other in covering the stone balustrade and steps, which were the only things which might have reminded me of the valley in Upper Egypt I had so lately left.

The falling temperature as the afternoon advanced accentuated the contrast, and obliged me to content myself with a hasty record of what is one of Japan's chief attractions. I had intended working on till dark, and spending the night on the iron bedstead in the little inn ; but it got so cold that I decided to get back to Kōbe by a short-cut, and I engaged a rickshaw to take me the whole way. I settled my little account with the landlady. It was perhaps excessive for what the guidebook terms a semi-foreign hotel, but, considering the trouble they must have had to get European food at this time of the year, I thought they had earned their money. A little deference is always agreeable, but when the hostess and her three daughters knelt, and brought their heads down to the matting, I felt it verged on the idolatrous. How was I to return such a salutation ? Should I meet them half-way, and go down on one knee ? I almost knew that excellent book

of Professor Chamberlain's, "Things Japanese," by heart, but could not recall what the correct thing would now be to do ; yet, whatever it was I did, it seemed to satisfy them, for smiles lit up their faces when they bid me *Sayonara*. It is a pretty-sounding farewell, and most Japanese women have pretty voices. The hostess spoilt the effect by firing off her remaining English sentence—"Come back, come back!"—which reminded me of the noise a guinea-fowl makes.

The rickshaw-man evidently wanted to get over the worst part of the run before darkness set in. How he went down those steep hills and turned sharp corners without the loss of a wheel was a marvel. The most precipitous parts happened to be just at these turnings. I would grip hold of the seat, determined that, if I were shot over the edge of the road into the ravine below, I would have the rickshaw with me so as to break the fall. I was anxious at the start to get back to the Kōbe Hotel while there was still a chance of getting some dinner ; now I was pretending that there was not the least hurry ; but the more I pretended, the faster the little beggar ran. I was alternately hot and cold at the dangerous parts, and when these were past I felt nothing

but the increasing cold. I was thankful when a slight uphill stretch of road gave me an excuse to walk, and not being then in danger of life and limb, I could admire the beautiful scenery.

Rokkōzan still caught the light of the setting sun, and the valley lay in a darkening shadow, lightened here and there by the mist which hung about the foot of the hills. Everything seemed soaked in beautiful colour. Men and women carrying huge bundles of brushwood and fodder took fantastic shapes as they and their burdens were outlined against the haze.

We passed through a long straggling village, the houses thickly thatched, like those of some hamlet in Dorsetshire; below the eaves the similarity ceased, for when the paper slides are closed, and when they are lighted from within, they resemble some queer-shaped Chinese lantern. Shadows of people having their evening meal fell black on the slides, and curious are the effects one sees at lighting-up time in a Japanese village. A figure seated at a certain angle from the lamp may appear to have a nose a foot long, and to be eating something twice as long as himself. A seated black giant appears to be talking to a woman not as big as his head, should she be

sitting nearer the light. In warmer weather the *shōji* are only closed when the bedding is spread on the matting. The bath, the evening meal, and family gathering—all these take place in view of the passer-by.

The remaining part of the ride was done in the dark. A large paper lantern was hung from one of the shafts of the rickshaw, and with this dim light the little man ran me into Kôbe. We had come about fifteen miles in little over a couple of hours. I gave him a trifle over the proper fare, and expected to hear, as in Egypt, a clamouring for more, but was agreeably disappointed—a low bow, a wave from his mushroom-shaped hat, and I saw him no more.

CHAPTER III

KŌBE (*continued*)

THE comforts of a luxuriously fitted up European hotel were very appreciable after a tiring day and my cold ride. A hot bath, an excellent dinner, and a roaring fire in an open grate were certainly not things to grumble at; but I had hardly digested my dinner and got thoroughly thawed when the feeling got hold of me that it was not for this that I had come so far. These were not the surroundings in which I felt I could paint and write about Japan. The people here were either tourists, who stayed a couple of days at the most, and knew as little about Japan as I did, or they were business men from the settlement who took their meals here. To get the latter to talk about things Japanese, except to abuse them, seemed impossible. The subject which I had seen the day before was the only inducement to make me stay, and I decided to move on to Kyōto as soon as I had finished a

drawing of the patch of wistaria which came so well with the stone *torii* of Ikuta temple.

I had heard of the inquisitiveness of the Japanese, and had a good sample of it as soon as I set up my easel. I chose an inconspicuous place, and got my man to place the rickshaw so as to hide me a little—a vain precaution.

Someone sees you, must have a look at what you are doing, can't make head nor tail of it, beckons to a friend to enlighten him; friend, not quite sure, calls another friend, who thinks you must be trying to draw so-and-so. As neither of the three are quite sure, they decide to remain till they have found out. Others come to see what they are looking at. You are then fairly well hidden, but not the onlookers, who serve as call-birds. Your subject is soon completely blocked out. You then place your started sketch with its face to the wall, and possibly a few take the hint and go. Others seem fascinated with the back of the drawing, and can't take their eyes off it. Not being able to work, you light a cigarette; the scratch of the match breaks the fascination of the back of the drawing, and all eyes are on your cigarette. The rickshaw-man, whom you have engaged for the whole morning

in the hopes that he would keep off the people, seems to be the only person who is not inquisitive, for he is basking in the sun on the other side of the square. Fortunately you are taller than your crowd, so there is hope that your signals of distress may be seen by the rickshaw-man. Crowd is then intently interested in the signals, has evidently never seen that class of signal before. When you succeed in catching your man's eye, he will run across, make his bow, and want to know what his honourable fare may deign to order him. You gradually make him understand that you want to see the object you are painting, and that you can't see through people four rows deep. He will then bow to these gaping loafers, and with a smile that he can wear for half an hour at a time he will ask them to condescend to stand aside. Those who feel that they have stared as long as they wish move off, while the others, who want to see me at work, take up positions on each side.

The sun, which gave the chief charm to the subject, now feels it is his turn to annoy, though you may have started work under a cloudless sky—he has called up a great cumulus to block out his rays for the rest of the morning.

When your effect is what you want, and you have decided how you will treat it, your work soon absorbs all your attention, and as long as no one stands in your light you may be unconscious of the starers on each side of you ; but, should your effect change, and you are consequently in doubt how to proceed, all the philosophy you may bring to bear will not allay the sense of irritation these onlookers cause.

I have done street-painting in many different countries, and some of these annoyances are common to all. The Japanese are not intentionally rude, for when they are asked to stand aside they always do so. Inquisitiveness pushed to this extreme is not, I believe, considered bad manners. Professor Chamberlain calls it "a kindly interest." The horse-play of the yahoos, who usually hang about any centre, is absent here, except on some special holiday, when saké has been freely indulged in. The silence of my spectators also struck me. People here, if they are not acquainted, do not get into conversation with each other as readily as in Continental Europe. A student who can speak a few words of English may air it with a foreigner, and ply him with a hundred questions, but he will sit

silent next to one of his compatriots during a whole journey, unless there be some very valid reason for speaking. The stupid inquisitiveness of the lower orders becomes a thirst for knowledge amongst the student class, and questioning may take the place of staring.

The impressionistic sketch I had intended making did not come off. The subject lost so much without the sunlight that I had done little more than draw it in, hoping for better luck the next morning.

At lunch (which, by the way, we will call "tiffin" in future, for I have heard it called by no other name this side of Ceylon) I heard that a private garden was thrown open to the public, to allow it to inspect the peonies. Now I was nearly as anxious to get a drawing of peonies as I was of the cherry-blossom, so I was again soon seated behind my rickshaw-man, "No 5."

The garden lay on the further side of Hyogo, the older town which joins Kōbe. After crossing the foreign settlement we got into the native part of Kōbe, which is much larger than I had anticipated. The change is sudden and striking. In less than a couple of hundred yards we have been carried from the West to the Far



AN AZALEA GARDEN

East. Some European goods may be displayed in a shop, but do not appear more incongruous than do Japaneseries seen in a shop-window in England. The shop itself is not European, and the sewing-machines or phonographs seem to lose their Western obtrusiveness in their Oriental setting. Telegraph-poles are in such quantities that it seems as if they must have originated in this country, with climate and soil favourable to their growth.

We cross the Ai-oi Bridge, have a glance down the canal, packed with unpainted junks, and are in Hyogo. My rickshaw-man trots on, giving his face and neck an occasional mop with a little blue towel. He pulls off his coat and throws it over one of the shafts without stopping, calls out "Hi!" when he is uncomfortably near bowling over an old woman or crushing an infant. No one seems to mind his speed, and when he nearly collides with another rickshaw at a crossing, he will draw up sharp, smile at the other man, and trot on. Though we are in the main street of Hyogo, I hardly see a house of more than one story above the ground floor, and not even many as high as that. Fish-shops abound, as everywhere in Japan. The board with

the name of the proprietor and his calling seems out of all proportion to the importance of his establishment, like the large flowing signatures seen on the cheap water-colour drawings in Venice. The picturesque Chinese characters, swept on with a full brush, are such a feature that one readily pardons this little bit of vanity. On leaving the town there is no need to ask where the garden of Sugimoto is, for other rickshaws and groups of pedestrians are wending their way to a villa crowning a low-lying hill a little way off. On reaching the entrance, I see so many people that I feel that my chances of being able to work there are small. I leave my traps in the rickshaw and enter.

A winding path through evergreens leads to higher and more level ground. Notices are posted up at most of the turnings, but, as I cannot read them, I follow a group of holiday-makers. I see them stop at the top of the path, and an "Ooh!" from the men and "Kirei, kirei!" from the women make me hurry to catch them up.

It was a wonderful sight I saw—white, yellow, terra-cotta, and pink-coloured azaleas in wild luxuriance fringed a small serpentine lake. Stone lanterns, miniature bridges, and a pagoda are all

carefully placed where they best suit the composition, and wandering about in paths, partly hid by the flowering shrubs, are women and children in various coloured kimonos, and carrying their quaint little umbrellas. One or two stood on a bridge and were throwing crumbs to the goldfish, and a spray of golden azaleas stood out against the purple reflection of the women's garments. Large mossy stones made little islands and resting-places for the water-fowl.

Had the Princess now taken her seat on the bridge, and the Prince disclosed himself from amongst the azalea-bushes, and had the fairy, with an electric light for a star, risen from the water to bless the young couple before the curtain was rung down, I should have felt no surprise. For the time being I forgot of what I was in search, and seemed to be taking part in a pantomime with a willow-pattern kind of transformation-scene. I wish I had forgotten the peonies altogether that afternoon, and had been able to give myself up entirely to the enjoyment of this novel garden-party.

People came flocking in, and as the paths were narrow, I had to follow the crowd. To sit down and paint was out of the question. I wandered

along winding paths, crossed and recrossed little bridges, got into a maze of azalea-bushes, and then became aware that I was alone. A notice I had seen must have been to say that the public were not admitted here, but as all notices looked to me like labels on packets of China tea, I had disregarded it. A gardener appeared, presumably to turn me out, and I wondered how Japanese gardeners usually treat trespassers. With a smile he beckoned me to follow him, and he took me up to the house. Three figures seated in a room opening on to the garden soon riveted my attention. They were clad in armour, and their faces were hid by grinning iron masks. Was I to be tried by these queer-looking customers? Is boiling oil meted out to a trespasser, or is he allowed to perform *harakiri*? I contemplated a bolt, getting through the maze by clearing the azalea-bushes, and making a bee-line for where I thought my rickshaw was. I had one more look before taking so extreme a measure, and I then perceived that my three inquisitors were no more alarming than three dummies at Madame Tussaud's.

The gardener said something with Sugamoto

in it, from which I gathered that it was the armour worn by the Samurai forbears of that gentleman.

We skirted round the house, and got into the grounds of a little Buddhist temple. My conductor made a bow to a priest who was there, and pointed to me. Taking this for a kind of an introduction, I saluted the priest, and said that I was sorry I could not speak his language. I found, to my surprise, that he could speak a little of mine. He gave me some information about the temple, and showed me some parts of the grounds I had not seen; told me that I was welcome to paint there as much as I liked, but that I could not paint peonies, as there were none. I bid farewell to the kindly priest, was taken a short-cut towards the entrance where "No. 5" awaited me, and I offered the gardener a gratuity which he would not take, though acknowledging my good intentions and thanking me profusely.

After being so long in the land of "baksheesh," I was a good deal surprised at this latter incident, and mentioned it to the manager of the hotel. I had offered this man what would be at least a day's wage, but I was told that in a case like

that it would have reflected on his master's hospitality had any of his dependents taken money from any of the visitors.

I was more fortunate the following day with my work. "No. 5" was properly instructed what to do, and he somehow managed to keep the crowd from blocking out my view. Encouraged by this, I started a second drawing, in the afternoon, of a Shinto shrine, which was decked out with lanterns and flags for its annual festival.

It was a modest little temple, but, backed up and partly hid by the trees, it made a charming setting for its temporary adornments and for the people who came to visit it. The subject was so full of colour, and it looked so typically Japanese, that I could not resist it, even though it delayed my getting to Kyōto. I felt a little uncertain as to whether I should be allowed to set up my easel in the sacred precincts, remembering the difficulties I had gone through in Moham-medan countries. No one, however, seemed to object, and I was evidently looked on as a kind of side-show to the main performance.

"No. 5" had his work cut out this time, till a sudden inspiration made his job a sinecure and my work a possibility.



THE SHRINE OF INARI AT KOBÉ

He procured a few yards of string, and tied one end to a balustrade near me, and the other end to a tree, and, though a child could have snapped this string, it was enough to keep the people at a respectful distance. Seats were reserved on the balustrade by small boys, and every point of vantage had its spectator, but no one ventured within the little space that "No. 5" had roped off. The goddess Inari, in whose honour the shrine was erected, may have felt jealous, but I can assure her that I did not wish to share the attention of her devotees. She is the goddess of rice, and a very popular goddess she is. One meets her shrine everywhere, and it is always recognizable by the images of foxes, who serve as her messengers.

The Shinto priest and those that serve him alone enter the shrine; the worshippers stand outside, and, in the case of most, the devotions consist of little more than rattling a rope against a brass gong which hangs from the lintel over the entrance, the clapping of hands four times, and the throwing of a copper coin into a huge open coffer for its reception. Occasionally I saw someone kneeling or standing in a devotional attitude, but only for a minute or two, and then

he or she would proceed to inspect the little stalls of sweets and toys that generally line each side of the temple-approach when a festival is on. These little shops, rigged up with bamboo poles and matting, backed up with great stone lanterns and the pines, the quaint-looking wares and the groups of women and children in their holiday kimonos, make a pretty picture. But I felt sure that this and much more were to be found at Kyōto. Hearing at the hotel that there was to be the annual historical procession to Shimogamo at Kyōto the next morning, I packed up my traps at once, caught an early train the following day, and by 10 a.m. I found myself in Japan's ancient capital.

CHAPTER IV

KYŌTO

SOME forty minutes in a rickshaw took me from the station up to the Yaami Hotel. We passed through an interminable number of streets, all similar in character to those I had seen at Hyogo and Shimonoseki—rows of low, chimneyless houses, wooden-framed, with grey-tiled roofs—shops of sorts, all of them—and the monotony broken here and there by the approach of a temple or shrine. It was only when we crossed the Kamogawa, the river which divides Kyōto into two unequal parts, that I was able to realize that I was in a great city. A long stretch of water, spanned by a number of wooden bridges, leads the eye through a maze of wooden structures far away to the densely-wooded hills which form an amphitheatre around three parts of the town. Seen in great masses, this unpainted woodwork has a ramshackly appearance, picturesque in its way, but with none of that

look of solid durability we associate with an old and stately capital. Its chief beauties are not to be found in the habitations of men, but in those of the gods they worship, and in the sacred groves which surround them.

Crossing the bridge, we dived into another series of narrow, unostentatious streets, till we reached the precincts of Gion Temple. Between the giant stems of the cryptomerias and ever-green oaks, I caught glimpses of scarlet pillars, queer-looking gods, and huge stone lanterns. The stone steps prevented the rickshaw from taking the avenue which leads through this enclosure, and we had to tramp up the steepish road which skirts round a part of it. These glimpses of things beautiful and quaint excited my curiosity enormously. I felt as one en-hungered and fed with an occasional lollipop. Plenty of time lay before me, and I consoled myself that I should be able to satisfy my appetite to the full. The great procession and religious dance, which I had for the moment forgotten—was I not to see that, as soon as the commonplace business of engaging a room at the hotel was over?

At the top of Maruyama Park, in which we

now were, stood the Yaami. I engaged a room, and told someone who could speak a little English to direct the rickshaw-man to the Shimogamo Temple. Sho was the name of the little creature, with the form of a man and the attributes of a pony, who so far had not spoken a word except the "Hi!" to help to stave off a collision. "Shimogamo temple one hour," he now said, mopping his forehead in anticipation of a run in the sun. "I see you speak English," I said, feeling a certain protection which the sense of being able to make your wants known gives. "I shpeak rittre Eengris," was the proud answer, accompanied by the jerky bow, and a smile which I should have got to miss by now had he forgotten it.

There was no time for further conversation. The man in Sho was now lost in the pony. The strides he took going downhill seemed quite out of proportion to the length of his legs. We spun down the road which skirts the Gion Temple enclosure; the glimpses of the carven images and stone lanterns shot past us, and I saw them as a demon motorist sees the charms of an English country village. Sho partly disrobed, and Sho mopped his brow, but Sho never relaxed his speed.

We dived into more narrow streets, recrossed the river, and sped along the quay for a mile or more.

It was at first exhilarating, and I felt like the live portion of a fire-brigade, and that I should have been yelling to clear the traffic, but after a while some of that feeling got hold of me of being thought an "'Arry" by the pedestrians, and awakened painful memories of sitting behind an enthusiastic motorist, and watching the trail of dust behind me greying trim lawns and entering the open casements of neat little roadside villas.

We were evidently nearing the festivities, for the groups of people walking our way thickened. I called out to Sho to go slower, when he stopped short, and I was nearly shot out over his head. Sho could "shpeak a rittre Eengris," but it was a very little he could understand. That anyone should wish to go slowly when he could go quickly for the same money was more than his pony-like brain could take in. He left me in his rickshaw in the middle of the quay, and looked into one or two of the shops which faced the river. Was he seeking an interpreter? No, for he asked no questions. I had not asked for clogs, so why did he pry about that *geta* shop? I had not mentioned seaweed, dried octopus, or

any of the delicacies in the next shop which fixed his attention. Japanese umbrellas, paper lanterns, birdcages, and fans were displayed in the adjoining establishment. That's it; he must have noticed that I hadn't a fan! I looked around me, and saw that all had fans except myself and some of the women. I don't like to be thought effeminate, so I decided to have one. He has made up his mind now which colour will suit my complexion best. He slips into the passage, catches hold of a long ladle hanging on the side of a tub, dips it in, and takes a drink. He leaves the shop without as much as making an offer for a fan, starts his smile, makes his bow, and gets between the shafts.

It was about time, for I was baking in the sun, while Sho was merely taking a rest and quenching his thirst. He must have understood me, after all, for his speed now was about as exhilarating as that of a funeral procession. The one hour he had said at the start was now up, and a distant bridge that a dense crowd was crossing showed that we were still a good way off what I had come to see. I pointed this out to Sho, and he started at a trot again till the thickening crowd of pedestrians made anything

but a walking pace impossible. Shimogamo is approached in the shade of a grand avenue of trees. Stalls, with sweets, toys, fans, and mementoes of the festival, had been rigged up at intervals. As we got nearer the temple we found the two sides of the road roped off, and a dense crowd were awaiting the procession. A fee of ten sen had kept most of the people out of the precincts. At the entrance to the latter I left Sho, took a ticket, and went in. The chief hotels had got platforms with seats, and I had hardly squeezed myself into one of these when the performance began.

I gathered that it was the *kagura* dance, though it was hard to imagine anything less like what the word dance conveys to our mind. It was more a religious drama acted in dumb-show. What it all meant is only known to the initiated. The music which occasionally accompanied the acting was as strange and weird as the spectacle. But for the Europeans and Americans who were sitting near me, I might have imagined myself assisting at some great function in the planet Mars.

As a mass of colour the sight was dazzling. The temple buildings, which surround three sides

of a vast enclosure, had been lately restored, and time had done nothing to dim the brilliance of the scarlet and gold which covers the mass of woodwork. On our left dark green cryptomerias, illexes and deciduous trees, then in their spring foliage, rose up above the roofs, and cast deep purple shadows on the lead-coloured tiles. On turning our backs to the sun, all save the warm shadows in the colonnades was light against the deep blue sky.

Such a gorgeous setting might easily have dimmed the bright attire of the performers, but the various textures of the material, the beautiful designs, and here and there a judicious use of black, would have made them hold their own had they been simply posing as a *tableau vivant*. An occasional strain of music from queer-shaped wind instruments made the silence of the performance all the more impressive.

From various parts of the enclosure the actors moved slowly towards the *kagura* stage, which is a feature in most Shinto temples. The musicians and the men in armour formed groups around this, while about eight of the company ascended the steps to the platform. They were all men, and as far as I can remember, no women took

part in the spectacle. Their silk robes trailed several feet behind them. Special care had been taken that the costumes should make a rich and harmonious mass of colour. As they moved from one posture to another, crossed and re-crossed, every conceivable combination of colour presented itself, and the quantities of each hue were so adjusted that a discordant note was never struck.

The semi-religious, semi-historical significance of the various actions of the performers was lost on the foreign spectators who sat around me, as well as on myself; one by one they quietly slipped off, and when, finally, the actors descended from the stage, I found myself alone in my little auditorium. My watch told me that it was long past the luncheon hour, and I had seen so much to interest and to excite that it now seemed a week since the hasty breakfast I had made at six o'clock at the Kōbe Hotel. I soon found Sho, made no attempt this time to relax his speed, and reached the Yaami Hotel while there was yet time to get something to eat.

I could not get to work that day, so decided to see all I could before getting into harness again.

A deep, sonorous "boom," that seemed to

come from the bowels of the earth, now startled any decision I had come to out of me. The slow vibrations shook the hotel, and had scarcely died away when the sound repeated itself. I had read of the great bell at Chion-in, and was aware that the temple is not far from the Yaami ; but the bell I heard must surely be kept in the hotel cellar. I strolled round the veranda, and saw, some two or three hundred yards before me, the huge roof of this Buddhist shrine, backed up and partly hid by a fine mass of foliage.

Gion must wait ; Chion-in was my nearest neighbour, and should have the first visit. Sho hung about the hotel entrance ; he ran for his conveyance, and I waved him off—rickshaws were no use to mount a great flight of stone steps. However, if he chose to follow me, that was his lookout.

After ascending the stone steps we reached a grove of evergreens, and advancing through this, we soon arrived at a clearance, where an open wooden structure stood with a tiled roof. From the central beam hung the great bell that had startled me some ten minutes previously. A beam hanging horizontally from the roof is used as a battering-ram ; two men swing this back-

wards and forwards till it has gained sufficient impetus, and then they let it crash against the mass of metal. Where the ram's head is usually depicted I noticed a bronze chrysanthemum. Referring to Murray, you will find that it is one of the four largest bells in Japan, weighs nearly 74 tons, is 10 feet 8 inches in height, and 9 feet in diameter.

As the crow flies, the bell hangs little more than 100 yards from my bedroom, and, impressive as its voice is, I hoped that it took a thorough rest during the hours of the night.

From the bell-tower a long flight of steps leads down to the temple enclosure. We look down on the *honden* or main shrine, also on the massive gateway, and to our right we see a part of the library and the palace. The spaces between these structures are decorated with stone and bronze lanterns and lotus-shaped water-basins. An avenue of cherry-trees connects the gateway with the different buildings.

The huge *honden* was closed for repairs, but the Shūei-dō was open to visitors. Here we take off our boots, and are led by a priest through a matted corridor into a superbly beautiful chapel.



APPROACH TO A RUSTIC SHRINE

Two altars stand here, with images of Amida and Kwannon; one the work of the famous sculptor Eshin, who dates from the tenth century. It was not these which so much impressed me as the effect of colour of the whole interior. The warm light as it passes through the *shōji* is reflected on black and gold lacquer. The ornamentation is simple, so as not to detract from the gilt and bronze images, which are the chief feature, yet it is sufficiently rich to make a proper setting for these works of art. The detail has escaped me. The subdued harmony will long outlive in my memory the blaze of colour I had witnessed in the morning.

My cabin companion, the man of many inches, walked in while I was there. We greeted each other in whispers. He seemed equally impressed with the awe and beauty of the place. We silently followed the benevolent-looking priest through some passages which led into the palace.

The apartments were built by Iemitsu early in the seventeenth century, and are chiefly interesting for the number of paintings of the Kanō school. The easel picture, as we understand it, does not exist here. The artist was evidently responsible for the whole decoration of the room,

though his chief work is on the sliding-screens which separate one apartment from another.

Cranes and pine-trees form the motive of two rooms, the bamboo and plum-tree that of another. The outlines, which are realistic, are boldly swept in, but the tones are kept flat and decoratively conventional. Some are still in good preservation, but the celebrated sparrows by Nobumassa are almost gone. The guide will tell you that they were so lifelike that they flew away. The same artist's chrysanthemums, which form the decoration of another room, have fortunately not faded, nor have they been picked.

While passing from room to room we caught glimpses of a lovely garden surrounding two sides of the palace. It composed so well from one point of view that I forgot my fatigue and wanted to paint it at once. The priest kindly said I might do so, and as there were still a couple hours of daylight, I sent Sho back to the hotel to get my materials.

Here was an ideal Japanese garden, and no crowd to bother me while at work. The early azaleas were nearly over, but there were still enough to show what they had been. This immediate hurry to get at them may surprise

the reader. But I had come to Japan to illustrate a book on Japanese gardens as well as this one. The azalea, peony, and wistaria follow so quickly on the cherry that there is hardly breathing-space between them. Except when the azaleas are in bloom, the Japanese garden proper is a flowerless one. Mixed flower - borders and bedding-out plants are rarely seen. The chrysanthemums and peonies are grown in places set apart for them, and the trailing wistaria is mostly found in tea-gardens or occasionally in a public park. Much as the Japanese delight in flowers, they do not have a profusion around their homes as we do in Europe, but they will make excursions to see their favourites in some place set aside and noted for them. Now, in this particular instance, when the azaleas are over, the bushes will be trimmed into shapes, and a varied mass of greenery will be the outlook from the palace rooms for the rest of the year. A few branches of maple may, in autumn, give a touch of crimson, but care would be taken not to have enough deciduous trees to interfere with the growth of the evergreens. As this subject will be fully treated in another book, I must not encroach further on it here.

CHAPTER V

KYŌTO (*continued*)

THE modest hotel where I had now taken up my quarters suited me exactly. It stood on high ground, and commanded a fine view of the city to the west, while to the north and south, on the slopes of the range of hills behind it, were a series of temples with beautifully laid out grounds and magnificent trees. The food and furniture were European, but the house and surroundings were Japanese. Knowing nothing of the language, I did not yet venture on a purely Japanese inn, while here sufficient English was spoken to enable me to make my wants known.

During the two and a half months I stayed here I was mostly at work on gardens and flowering shrubs generally. I soon made the acquaintance of one or two Japanese, and got introductions to the owners of the best gardens. I was received everywhere with the greatest

courtesy. In one instance, where I had to go a long distance, I used to take my lunch with me, but each time at midday fruit and eggs and tea were brought out to the little summer-house near which I was at work.

Sho had a great time—could sleep nearly all the day, and could gobble up all my superfluous lunch during his waking hours.

The rainy season, which begins early in June and lasts about six weeks, did not interfere with my work as much as I feared it would. The gardens are so arranged that the best views are generally obtained from the house or from some structure where I could sit in shelter.

I made the acquaintance of a Japanese artist here of considerable repute—Mr. Kanocogni. He had studied three years in Paris, and spoke French very well. I saw a good deal of him, and he put me in the way of seeing things which a European visitor would rarely have a chance of seeing.

The painters in Japan are divided into two classes—those practising the modern art of Europe, and those who still cling to the traditions of the Japanese schools. The work of the latter naturally interested me the most, for,

though some of the work of the former is very good, still, I have seen better at home.

Mr. Kanocogni is the painting professor at the Kyōto University, and he asked if he could bring some of his pupils to see my water-colours. They were as interested in seeing how I treated the subjects familiar to them as we should be to see how a Japanese artist would treat English ones. The show pupil, Shiba by name, had been asked to bring a portfolio of his studies with him. Though the youth's ambition was to go to Europe and study there, I was glad to see that he was learning to draw as only Japanese can. The rapid sketches of people in action, of birds, trees, and bits of landscape, were done in a suggestive outline with the long brush and Indian ink which takes the place of the pen in this country. They were very good, and showed how the essentials only had caught his attention.

I did not like to advise him to go to Paris. He had the beginnings of an art which is delightful, and suitable to adorn the dwelling-places here, whereas to paint second-rate Salon pictures, looking quite out of place in a Japanese room, seemed a very doubtful acquirement.

One can understand that, in a country which

is waking up to Western civilization, the artists will not rest content to follow on in the old traditions. They are justly proud of their native art, but they feel that is less complete than that of Europe, with its fuller knowledge of light and shade and perspective. They are, however, such an artistic people that it would not be surprising if they get beyond the second-rate, and produce modern pictures which could hold their own either in Paris or anywhere else. Unless they have some private means, I don't see how they are to live in the meantime. The art patron here would never hang an oil-painting with its heavy framing on one of his wooden partitions, and the way the last big earthquake tumbled about the solidly-built houses does not encourage him to adopt Western domestic architecture. Some artists are compromising, but so far it is not entirely satisfactory.

Mr. Kanocogni, who dined with me that evening, asked me if I would care to dine *à la Japonaise* with him a day or two later. I was delighted, not only to have his company, but to see how native fare agreed with me, as I hoped to be able to stay in purely Japanese inns after leaving my present one. He was not very

encouraging as to this, for he told me that he had lately dined a Portuguese acquaintance of his, and that his guest was ill the next day. When he got over his indisposition, he in his turn dined his host and his wife at the European hotel, and the lady was equally upset by the Western food.

The European had had his revenge, and Kanocogni, who had suffered vicariously, thought it rather funny.

At the appointed time my friend called for me, and, to my disappointment, took me to a restaurant. I had hoped that I was going to dine *en famille* and in company with his pretty wife. It appears that this is not usually the custom, and that dinners are nearly always given in a public dining-place. Often geishas are called in to sing and dance to the guests, and it has this inconvenience—that, unless your host happens to be a rich man, you are putting him to considerable expense. It was understood this time that there were to be no geishas.

The restaurant was close by, at the top of Maruyama Park. As we were expected, the landlady and waitresses were at the door to receive us, and made their profound bows while

we took off our boots. We were led into a large room overlooking the park and city beyond, and when we had decided where to squat, screens were slid in the grooves, so as to enclose us in a compartment of about eight mats. Each set of diners likes to have a compartment to itself. A low table, not a foot high, and a couple of cushions was all the furniture, except a vase with a spray of blossom in the *takemona*, or slightly-raised recess, without which no Japanese room is complete. The guest is always seated nearest to this recess, which is considered the place of honour.

While waiting for the first course, I noticed yet another piece of furniture, and that was a large text painted in bold Chinese characters and hung above the sliding-screens opposite to me. Asking what it meant, I was told that each room had a name, and the title of this one read, "The room where the cool breezes blow."

There is many a true word spoken in jest, for I found it decidedly draughty, and proposed our closing the paper slides. We shut out a beautiful view lit by the last rays of the setting sun, but it was preferable to a possible stiff neck.

A pretty young girl now entered; she was the *nésan*, or waitress. She is a more important

personage at a Japanese dinner than the servant in Europe who merely hands you the dishes, and has often other tables to wait on as well as your own. The *nésan* squats at your table during the whole of the dinner; she joins in the conversation, pours out the saké, fans the guests in hot weather, or attends to the *hibachi* or charcoal brazier during the cold. In this particular case I found her a useful instructress in the difficulties of handling the chopsticks.

I pointed out to my host that we had been favoured with the prettiest *nésan* of those we saw on our entry to the hotel. "She is the daughter of the landlord," my friend answered, "and I always ask for her when I dine here." I asked how his wife approved of this, and of his dining out so often. The idea of wives disapproving, or anyhow giving expression to their disapprobation, had evidently not entered his mind.

By way of opening the conversation, you ask the young lady her name. "You of name as for, what that say?" would be the literal translation of your question. This one answers, "Také," with an apologetic smile for having so ordinary a one. Také means bamboo, and

Miss Bamboo, or Také San, now fills two little cups with green tea, and places some sweets on an eight-inch table for her honourable guests. "What is your age, Také San?"—quite the correct thing to ask a lady in Japan. And Také asks you to guess, and, having guessed seventeen, Také smiles and bows, and says, "Arigato." You wonder why she says "Thank you." She answers that she is already nineteen, and the thanks are for the compliment of having given her the benefit of two years.

Having sipped a thimbleful of the tea, and leaving the sweets, this *hors-d'œuvre* is removed, and Miss Bamboo runs to the paper slides and calls out for the next course. A second waitress now brings in a number of steaming red lacquer bowls on a lacquer tray, and Také places the bowls on the eight-inch table and hands us both a pair of chopsticks. The latter are cut out of a single piece of wood, and are still sticking together at one end. My friend splits his apart, and, while I do the same, he explains that the two pieces not having been separated insures their never having been used before.

A sensation of pins and needles in my legs compels me to change my position. One of

them has got so stiff that I can hardly unbend it. I can sit on my heels no longer, and Také considers how she can make my position more comfortable. She fetches a *hijitsuki*, a kind of rest to put under an elbow, and she places two more cushions on the one I had been using. I can now recline like a Roman Emperor at a feast, and am sitting nearly on a level with the eight-inch table.

The covers are now taken off the lacquer bowls, and Také fills two little cups with warm saké—a mild spirit, tasting somewhat like sherry and water. When anything is drunk at a meal, it is always at the beginning, and not at the end. We empty the little cups, and my friend plunges his into a bowl of water and then hands it to Také. She receives it as a special mark of consideration, and holds it out while my friend pours in a few drops. Having drank this, and made an appropriate little speech, she dips the cup in the water and returns it.

I wish to know on what dish I am to begin, as I see that my host does not eat until I do. He recommended me to taste them all, and leave what I did not like.

I begin on one which corresponds most to a

soup, and is called *owen* ; it is a broth, with fish and mushrooms. I try to catch hold of a piece of fish with my chopsticks. I raise it up a certain height, and one of the sticks slips, and "splosh" goes the fish into its element.

Miss Bamboo is immensely tickled, and takes a paper napkin from a fold in her *obi* and gives the table a wipe. She holds a pair of chopsticks in her fingers, to show me how it is done. To encourage her in the lesson I am to have, I plunge my saké cup into the bowl of water and hand it to her ; I pour in a few drops of saké, which she makes a pretence of drinking, and with a little speech she returns me the cup after rinsing it in the water.

As a mother teaches her child to hold a pen-holder, so Také San places the sticks between my fingers ; she instructs me how to keep one rigid while the other does most of the work. I have another try—raise the bit of fish higher this time, and drop it in my lap. Také is aware that she may laugh to her heart's content without giving offence, and gives full play to her hilarity.

Tears flow from her eyes, which are now two oblique slits. She unsplits a subsidiary pair of chopsticks, and makes a dart at the fish in my

lap, and feeds me as a blackbird does its young with a worm.

The liquid broth is easily managed, as the bowl can be raised and drunk like a cup of tea, and the mushrooms are floated in with it.

The next bowl contained *tamago yaki*, which is a mixture of egg and curded beans. It is very good and easy to take, as it will float into the mouth with a very little coaxing with the chopsticks.

Now why has Také started laughing again? and even my host cannot repress his merriment. My moustache was likened to the pine-tree, with its winter covering of snow.

I felt for my napkin, forgetting that we had none, and was just getting out my handkerchief, when Také produced a paper one from under her *obi*.

I succeeded a little better with a third bowl, and managed to secure a small octopus and some bamboo-shoots, which I ate regardless of nightmares and other forms of indigestion. I felt I was getting on, and the *nésan* gave an encouraging smile. She then trotted up to the slides and called out for the next course.

The first was several courses rolled into one,

but as the bowls are small and the contents very liquid, I felt I could do with another. This was a more solid one, a goodly-sized goldfish—a severe exercise for a beginner in chopsticks.

I watched my friend dig pieces out of his and convey them to his mouth, and I waited to see if he would choke; but never a fish-bone left his dish. I dug the *hachi* into mine, and the movable stick, which I looked on as the treble, slipped, leaving the bass one sticking in the side of the fish like a large harpoon in a very small whale.

When I recovered the chopsticks, I couldn't get pieces out of the fish without its slipping about and nearly leaving the little dish it was in. Miss Bamboo came to the rescue, and pinned the goldfish firmly down with her auxiliary pair, while I grubbed some pieces out of its side. It was in a cat-like fashion that I finished that fish. Were not fingers made before chopsticks?

'Také San now calls for *gohan*. I wonder what *gohan* may be, and if it is very difficult to eat.

A maid brings up a little wooden bucket and places it on the matting near our table. 'Také takes off the cover, and I see a steaming mass of

boiled rice with a wooden spud sticking in it. She flops a spudful of rice into two china bowls this time, and passes them to us. So far the dishes, with the exception of the goldfish, had been Lilliputian, but the helping of rice was fit for a Gulliver.

I was wondering how much of it I could leave for manners, and the thought had hardly entered my mind when my friend passed up his bowl to be refilled. Také flops in another lot as skilfully as a mason will flop a trowelful of mortar on to a brick, and with equal skill my friend conveys the contents to his mouth.

Such dexterity in the use of chopsticks fills me with envy. With the rice ends the meal. A little tea is often taken in the last bowlful, and more cups of tea are taken while the little pipe is being smoked.

I was quite satisfied that I should be able to live on Japanese fare. The dishes were very good, and I felt no premonitions that I should be ill the next day as the Portuguese artist had been ; nor did I despair of overcoming the chopstick difficulties.

I have dwelt rather a long while on this meal, as nothing, so far, seemed to have taken me

further from accustomed surroundings nearer home. Sight-seeing is so much a part of travel that most people, if they have not actually seen the different things which each country has of interest, they have at least heard of them or seen them reproduced in some form of illustration. Let us take Venice as an example. Overawed with the beauty of St. Mark's, and fascinated with the charm of gliding along the canals in a gondola, you see now face to face what you feel you have seen before dimly, as in a looking-glass ; but put up at an Italian *trattoria*, instead of at the cosmopolitan hotel the tourist usually frequents, and then see how you are mentally transplanted into a different world.

The most interesting thing in each country is, after all, its people, and to get some insight into their characteristics it is necessary to live amongst them, and, if time permits, to learn their language.

I had too much work to do during my stay here to devote much time to the study of Japanese. I decided, therefore, that the next best thing would be to look about for an intelligent guide, and, if found, to get clear away from everything savouring of the West.

The professional guide is easily obtained, but as they are, presumably, here, as elsewhere, what is vulgarly termed "on the make," I felt that I should as soon tire of him as he would of me.

I asked Mr. Kanocogni if he did not possibly know of some young artist who spoke English or French, and would act as guide, philosopher and friend, and he promised to see if he could find what I wanted. The man he eventually got, and how we fared together, will be described later on.



IRISES AT KITANO

CHAPTER VI

KYŌTO (*continued*)

I HAD some time yet before me in Kyōto. The Japanese iris was still in bud, and the lotus-leaves still lay flat on the surface of the water; the peonies were over, and only a few belated azaleas still drew the bees within their petals.

I painted one or two of the flowerless gardens, where the various shades of green are only relieved by the greys of the stone-work and the russet bark of the pines.

Sho had to skirmish for irises, and when at last he had found what I wanted, irises filled all my thoughts.

I now appreciated how an æsthetic people gets its full measure of enjoyment out of its flowers. The mauves and purples of the iris are not seen here inharmoniously clashing with a patch of yellow escoltchias, and the scarlet geranium is not allowed to shout down the modest hue of the heliotrope.

When the folks here put on their best kimonos to enjoy irises, they see irises and nothing else. To see an acre or more of Japanese irises is a thing never to be forgotten. The beauty of form and colour of the nearer ones is clearly defined against the green flags; the mauves, purples, and pale pinks are dotted about the green farther on, and the blending together of these hues as they form into masses in the distance is such a feast of beautiful colour that one may well rest among the greenery of the purely Japanese gardens till the lotus appears. When the latter die down there is a pause in the cultivated flowers—broken now and again with the morning glory—till the chrysanthemum shows make the year's final tableau.

I made the acquaintance of an Englishman, Mr. Blow, who has lived here a good many years; he has a pretty Japanese house and garden on the slopes of the hills overlooking the city. I found some large patches of irises here, of a kind I was unacquainted with. It was a pretty subject :—This flowery foreground, with the grey city in the distance and the blue mountains beyond.

Mrs. Blow, a charming Japanese lady, asked

me to lunch, with a promise that I should see her husband's collection of prints.

It was my first *entrée* into a Japanese private house. I took off my boots, as one to the manner born, when, to my horror, I saw part of a white toe sticking out of one of the black socks. Now it is astonishing how a detail of this kind can handicap anyone trying to make a good first impression.

At whatever angle I looked I saw this toe. I avoided looking down only to catch sight of it in a mirror. Mrs. Blow did as if she had not seen it, although it was like a white bull's-eye on a black target—one more proof of the courtly manners of this people.

The prints, however, soon banished the peccant sock from my thoughts, and I could revel to my heart's content in the drawing of Hokusai and Hirochigé; the delightful colour arrangements of Yeisen, of Yesan, of Utamaro, and of a host of others who, so far, were unknown to me.

Mr. Blow filled me with covetousness when he produced a large sketch-book full of the original drawings of Hiroshigé—rapid sketches of figures in motion, groups of people, and sundry details which form some of the incidents in his

famous "Fifty-five Stages of the Tokaido Road." He also possesses a wonderful *kake-mono* of Hokusai, and quite different work from anything I had ever seen of that great artist. It is a very highly-finished picture of a geisha, with a marvellous pattern on her dress—a subject treated *ad nauseam* by the artists of the middle of last century. The design showed that, besides his great draughtsmanship, he had an imagination surpassing that of most of his contemporaries and all his followers.

Not twenty years ago good colour prints could be picked up for a few pence, but a large number of collectors have since learnt to appreciate them, with the usual result, and the rarer specimens are now fetching a good many pounds.

On returning to my hotel, I inquired of an old resident who happened to be staying there where European socks were to be obtained. He told me where I could find what I wanted, and also told me of an amusing incident concerning his country's representative here.

His Excellency had asked my new acquaintance to accompany him to some great function and act as his interpreter. On arriving at the house where the reception was held, boots had,

of course, to be taken off before stepping on to the matting. To his dismay, the diplomat noticed that a toe showed very plainly through a hole in one of his black socks. He decided to return to his hotel, and asked my friend to make some excuses for his non-appearance. The latter was, however, a man of great resource; he tipped one of the servants, and asked to be shown into some office and supplied with brush and Indian ink, and here, with a few well-adjusted touches, he gave His Excellency a toe that any negro might have been proud of. When thoroughly dry—for it would not do to risk blackening the trains of some of the ladies' dresses—they were able to attend the function, and no one was any the wiser.

I went to a theatre with one or two others staying in the same hotel as myself. We were shown up some rickety stairs, and taken to what approximates to our dress circle. The seats here being fifty sen each (equal to one shilling), we had the whole circle to ourselves, while the rest of the building was crowded. They brought us a bench to sit on, as some of our party could not face squatting on the floor for the rest of the evening.

The performance had probably been going on

since midday, but as it had still two or three hours to run, we had still time enough to see all we wanted. The audience was perhaps more entertaining than the play, for, needless to say, most of the jokes were lost on us, and when the house was moved to tears it left us with dry eyes; the difficulty was not to laugh at the wrong moment.

The theatre was a low building, with a gallery some eight feet above the pit, where the latter was farthest from the stage. Nearly the whole auditorium was pit, and the gallery looked like an after-thought. The floor was divided into a number of low pens, the size of a mat each. Papa and mamma and two or three hopefuls would about fill a pen, and where the family was large the adjoining pen would hold the rest of the children, and possibly the maid-servant. The partitions being only a foot high, there was easy access from one compartment to another. Each contained a *hibachi* to light the little pipes and receive the ashes when the two whiffs had exhausted the fill of tobacco. The people brought their food with them, and little earthenware pots of tea were to be obtained in the house. It looked like an indoor picnic.

A peculiar feature of Japanese theatres is a low bridge, flush with the stage, and which crosses the pit at right angles to the footlights. The characters who enter the scene after the curtain is up usually come in by it; the funny man will crack his little jokes with the members of the audience as he crosses above their heads. A small boy will sometimes climb up and do a little jesting on his own account, and when the curtain is down a lot of the children will scramble up on to the stage and stick their heads under the curtain to see what is going on. They may apparently, here as elsewhere, do just as they please.

The play, or rather series of plays, treated of feudal times, which it is hard to realize only dates back fifty years. The two-sworded Samurai was very much to the fore. He played a kind of knight-errant part, but the maiden in distress seemed more frightened of him than of anyone else.

When the first scene was over, there was no curtain—the stage revolved like a penny-go-round till the next scene faced the audience, the actors remaining on it all the while.

The women's parts were all played by men.

The shortest are naturally chosen for the parts, and their voices are trained accordingly.

The dialogue was sometimes carried on by the performers, and at other times they acted in dumb-show, while the words were repeated in a sing-song voice by a man sitting in a raised box, something like that of a Punch and Judy show. He emphasized the stops by striking a stick on the rail of his rostrum.

Two boys, who were supposed to be invisible, because they were dressed entirely in black and wore black masks, were dodging in and out among the performers, adjusting a bow here or spreading out the train of a garment elsewhere. They were certainly "seen but not looked at," as is said of the ladies who take their baths in the presence of the opposite sex.

The scenery was extremely simple, although in very good taste, and, as I anticipated, the acting was very clever.

During an interlude a dancing-girl began her turn at the far end of the bridge, doing her steps and taking the postures of a first-rate geisha. On reaching the stage itself she went through the most graceful evolutions, the fan and butterfly being the motive. The butterfly, being impaled

on the end of a wire, which one of the boys in black directed, took away some of the charm—I was not yet sufficiently trained in treating him as non-existent.

Our rickshaw-men had climbed up the rickety stairs, dress-circle folk being so scarce that there was no gate-keeper to stop them, and they calmly squatted near us. I distinguished Sho's ugly face in the semi-darkness, and remarked to him how clever the girl was. Sho exploded: "She no girl; she man!" He and his mates seemed to think this the best joke of the evening.

The dancer went on for some time, doing more and more wonderful things with his fan and with trailing ribbons; but I lost all interest in him after being aware of his sex, and was glad when the curtain went down, or, I should say, was pulled across the stage.

During the next piece I became conscious of a sickly smell of drains, which had also crept up the rickety stairs, and it gradually hung like an invisible cloud over the gallery. One of our party was snoring rather loudly, while my other male companion had been trying to keep awake, so as to get his full shilling's worth. While one eye was open, I suggested to him that it was

time we left. "It's not over yet," he said, waking up sharp. "I've been to Japanese plays before, and they never end without cutting off heads." The lady of our party, a Eurasian, looked as if she could stand a bit more drain, and so we stayed on. Her husband snored louder than ever, the Scotchman dropped his head forward and brought it up with a jerk, and I anxiously awaited the head-cutting, so as to get away from the drain.

Heads did not exactly fly off at the finale, although a couple of Samurai were doing their best, and when the curtain went down, all the actors had been laid out flat, save one who was wiping his sword.



THE OLEANDER

CHAPTER VII

THE OLEANDER

NO painter should be able to resist a gracefully-grown oleander in bloom. The one I fell a victim to was in a graveyard which surrounded a small Buddhist temple. It was raining slightly when I began my drawing, but the spreading eaves of the shrine gave me a sufficient shelter. The grey light suited my subject. When the sun showed itself at intervals, awkward shadows and the shine on the wet stones destroyed its charm.

While painting specimen irises in the garden of a Buddhist priest, who dwelt not far from here, I made the acquaintance of an intelligent young Japanese, Kiyoshi Masuda by name. He spoke English fairly well, and I owe to him much of the information I got about Japanese manners and customs, as well as of that difficult subject—the fusion of two religions fundamentally so different as are Shintoism and Buddhism. He

was also well informed about the arts and crafts of his country, being an able assistant at the stores of Messrs. Nomura, where a large collection of objects of art and vertu are displayed. It being the slack season of the year, he was able to give me a good deal of his company while painting this graveyard, and also during the remainder of my stay in Kyōto.

Shintoists lay side by side with Buddhists under the wet, grey stones. Dedicated to a Shinto god at its birth, the child is brought up in the family cult, and to pay due respect to the tablets of the ancestors, which are on a shelf in every Japanese household. The child may be taken to attend the services at Buddhist temples of the sect to which its parents incline, but whether he attends these or merely does his duty as a follower of the earlier religion, he will most probably at his death rest in a graveyard attached to some Buddhist shrine.

The absence of religious or moral teaching in Shintoism draws many who feel this want to the Buddhist shrines, where an occasional sermon is preached, and where a gorgeous ritual appeals to their senses. They are allowed to retain their own gods, whom Buddhism has

embraced in its pantheon, and considers in most cases avatars of one of its own deities. Nature-worship and ancestor-worship, the two main features of the indigenous religion, have also been tolerated by the Buddhist priesthood ever since they first set foot in Japan.

My friend's English did not go quite far enough to give me a lucid explanation of this, but it gave me a start, and, with the help of what Professor Chamberlain and Lafcadio Hearn have written on the subject, I am beginning to get some insight into the mental attitude of the Japanese towards their creeds.

Accustomed as we are in other parts of the world to find people quarrelling over slight differences of dogma, the toleration of the Japanese is striking. There is also no anti-Christian feeling as far as I could gather. I watched the people when a Salvationist band went by, and could see no signs of antagonism; whereas I can well remember the hostility of the onlookers when first the followers of General Booth paraded the streets in London. If the missionary abstains from interfering with the customs of the people, he may carry on his work without let or hindrance.

Had Christian countries shown a better example by carrying out the principles of their creed, there is little doubt but what Christianity would have been made the State religion of Japan.

The Government, when reconstructing society after the revolution, actually appointed a Commission to examine and report on how far Christianity was instrumental in checking crime and vice. The report was far from encouraging, and Shintoism was made the official religion.

Buddhist priests, who had invaded most of the Shinto temples, had to leave, and many a shrine was denuded of its best works of art where these were part and parcel of the Buddhist creed. A difficulty sometimes arose as to the ownership of some of the relics. The bones of a saint would be claimed by both parties where the saint was known to have observed the ordinances of both religions. Who was to keep a valuable statue of a god which each party worshipped when the creed and even name of the donor had long since been forgotten?

Shinto shrines are now kept in repair by the State, and the Buddhist temples are often sadly dilapidated where the worshippers are too poor

to pay for keeping them in repair. When the shrine is one of especial importance, an appeal is made to the country at large, and the wherewithal to defray the cost of repairing is generally collected. A striking example was seen when the celebrated Higashi Hongwanji was burnt down early in the nineties.

Nearly a hundred thousand pounds sterling was collected in the neighbouring provinces of Kyōto, besides which much of the material and labour was the gift of the people. Thousands of women, having nothing more substantial to contribute, cut off their hair to make hawsers to draw the timbers which form the huge pillars. These hawsers, twenty-nine in all, are still shown with pride by the bonze who conducts you round the temple, as an ocular proof that Buddhism was not extinguished when dis-established by the State.

The slight rain we had when I began my drawing gradually increased in quantity; the gravestones blackened and shone as the water trickled down their sides; the face of the Buddha darkened, and his habitual placid gaze seemed to change as I gradually saw it reflected in a growing pool at his base.

The eaves of the temple, though sheltering us from the downward pour, were no protection from the splashing when the water overflowed from the choked guttering. We crawled round the edge of the building, and found shelter under the porch, where we could continue our talk.

A woman was inside the little temple, and was repeating a thousand times the formula "Namu amida Butso." If repeated that often, great blessings are attached to this prayer. Time is saved by only saying the word "Butso" at intervals, and the *u* of the first word is eliminated.

The prayer of the suppliant made a plaintive accompaniment to our conversation. When she tired she would whisper, "Nam amida, nam amida," then gradually increase the sound till it reached to a loud and prolonged wail; she would then prostrate herself again on the matting, and with sighings and sobbings continue the formula in a hushed voice.

My friend was not a Buddhist, being a follower of the earlier religion; he showed, however, no pitying contempt for the vain repetitions of this woman: "By concentrating her mind on these words she is able to banish all

worldly thoughts, and draw near to the abstract idea which 'amida' represents."

The rain now abated, and, as we wandered away, the woman's "Nam amida, nam amida" followed us till the sound was lost in the noises of the street.

I returned to the oleander the next day to complete my drawing. The rains had washed off some of the petals of the flowers, but this had been more than compensated for by the attentions of the grave-keeper's wife, who had decorated the tombs with a profusion of white lilies. Nothing could have suited the composition better, and the idea the flowers conveyed was as pretty as their form.

When the rain held off, my friend M. Masuda rejoined me, and while I painted the lilies he descanted on the significance of various unfamiliar objects I saw in this graveyard. The *sotoba* here seen is a long narrow slab of wood, notched at the top, with characters painted on one of the surfaces. Bundles of them are sometimes fastened to the tombstones; some decaying, others with the lettering barely visible, and often one which looked as having come freshly from the carpenter's shop. They are placed here at

intervals by the relatives of the deceased. But as the texts on them are written in Sanskrit, my friend could not help me as to their meaning. The *sotoba* is also used as a gravestone, and then its form is more clearly defined. It is a combination of ball, crescent, pyramid, sphere, and cube, which symbolize respectively ether, air, fire, water, and earth. Another favourite device is the lotus-seed, which in size and shape is somewhat like a Grenadier's bearskin.

A Buddha seated on a lotus-flower is seldom absent. But the most common form of tombstone is a shaft rounded at the top and resting on a triple plinth, with the name and status of the deceased inscribed on the former.

A large flat, upright stone attracted the attention of the few visitors who came. It was erected to a young sergeant who fell in the last war, and whose bravery was such that the Empress headed the list of subscriptions to defray the cost of the monument. I carefully copied his name, and those of my readers who can read Japanese will be able to decipher it on the left-hand side of my drawing.

Since then the oleander has lost its bloom, and reverent hands will have placed lotus-flowers

where the lilies bedecked this grave ; these will have given place to the chrysanthemum, and while the snow lies thick on the neighbouring hills, sprays of plum-blossom will be keeping fresh the memory of the young hero.

CHAPTER VIII

THE JUDAS-TREE AND POMEGRANATE

FROM the middle of June till the end of the following month there is no display of cultivated flowers till the lotus-ponds attract the holiday-makers. The morning glory is more of a household pet than a garden decoration, and by the time that the rains have abated specimens of this convolvulus may be seen in pots in almost every shop. The plants are dwarfed, and rarely more than one or two blooms are seen at a time ; by careful selection the flowers have attained a size seldom seen elsewhere. In colour they range from white, through pink and blue, down to the darkest violet.

The shopman, squatting amongst his wares, takes his fill of their beauty in the intervals between attending to his customers. He has no time to lose, for the day is not far spent when his prized blooms close up and drop their petals before he lights his store in the evening. He



THE JUDAS TREE

consoles himself for the loss by contemplating a bud, scarcely noticeable in the morning, which now promises to rival, on the following day, the short-lived glory of the vanished blooms.

Kiyomizu Tera, the most enchanting of Kyōto's shrines, was not far from the hotel, and when in doubt for a subject, I was always sure to find one there or in its beautiful surroundings. The question at this time of the year was to find one where I could work under shelter, for the weather was only fine then at lucid intervals.

The steep street leading up to this unique temple is lined with china shops, where cheap and brightly-coloured earthenware dolls, *Kiyomizu yaki*, are sold to the pilgrims who visit this popular shrine. An imposing flight of steps leads to a two-storied gateway, and beyond this two pagodas and numerous other minor buildings are passed before reaching the *hondo* or main temple. At the entrance a magnificent bronze dragon vomits a jet of water into a stone basin; wooden ladles float on the surface, and it is a pretty sight to see little children filling them at the mouth of this terrible creature, either to drink the water or wash the faces of the babies slung to their backs.

The huge, roughly-hewn columns and the worn and matless floor suggest a fortress rather than a place of worship. But what impresses the visitor most is the bold way in which the temple is adapted to its site. A balustrade runs round the south side, and leaning over it—after being satisfied that it will not give way—he looks across a deep and thickly-wooded valley to the city lying below and the blue mountains in the far distance. The platform he stands on projects well over the steep hill-side to which Kiyomizu clings, and is supported by a row of massive piles whose bases are lost in the greenery beneath.

Winding paths descend through the woods, and wherever there is a good point of vantage, a little tea-house or shed is erected, these often being held up on piles as if in imitation of the great building above them. To the left, the valley is shut in by an almost precipitous hill clothed with pines, camphor-trees, and evergreen oaks. A flight of stone steps is visible here and there, which lead to a shrine just showing among the foliage.

Amidst the mass of green which I overlooked stood a Judas-tree in full bloom; it was a

different species to what I had seen in the South of France and Italy, but I felt satisfied that the pale mauve blossom would harmonize better with its surroundings than the crimson usually associated with that tree. A tea-shed some way down the valley promised both shelter and a good view from it there; with a slight shifting of the tree, I was able to get it in combination with the part of the temple I had just left.

The changes in the effect were interesting to watch, but most exasperating to paint; at times the mist entirely blotted out the background. The rain, so far, had only come in samples, but having satisfied us all that it was of the proper wet sort, it now came down in bulk. The shed I was under was only built to cope with the samples, and my sketching umbrella had to be put up to ward off the pit, pit, pit which irritated my neck, and also a jet of water doing its best to alter my last effect in the drawing. There was nothing to do now but to try and get some drawing into the tree and temple, and wait for a propitious moment to fly back to the hotel.

I returned to the Judas-tree on the following day and painted it in a drizzling rain. The effect was not so exciting as some I had seen it

under, but there was no time to lose. The heavy rain had washed off a good deal of the blossom, and what remained had lost most of its colour; another reason made it a case of now or never—the Judas-tree was no more the sole mistress of my affections.

I had wandered that morning through the graveyards on the slopes above Chion-in, and ascended a flight of stone steps through the woods, to see what there might be beneath the dark mass of cryptomerias which shut out the sky above. A few moss-covered stone lanterns, and a Buddha who had lost his nose at some remote period of his contemplations, suggested the approach to a shrine. Both to the right and left of me, in little clearings in the woods, were two more graveyards, which had probably held their complement of ancestors for more than a century. The fantastic shapes of the stones were barely discernible through the growth of moss and lichen which covered them. In a few cases the little stone basins had still been cleared and fresh water supplied by a living descendant of the deceased, and a few wooden *sotoba* were still sufficiently sound to show that the family cult had been kept up till a recent period. The

water stagnating in the other basins was but the drip from the overhanging boughs which shaded the little cemetery.

After a hundred years it is presumed that the deceased has become a Buddha, and that his spirit needs no more food or water from his descendants. Till that lapse of time any neglect on the part of his living representatives may result in dire consequences to their household.

I decided to make a study of this almost-forgotten graveyard, but had first to satisfy my curiosity as to what I might find at the top of the steps. They led, very much as I expected, to a small Buddhist temple, and going round this rather dilapidated building, I came on a neat little habitation of, presumably, the priest—a simple little structure, but glorified by a beautifully-shaped pomegranate-tree just bursting into bloom.

The graveyard could wait, but not this nor any other blossoming shrub. I found the priest at home. I made him understand what I wanted, and was soon trying to do justice to the delightful subject which a lucky chance had thrown in my way.

It is pleasant to leave off with an assurance that

for some days at least the subject would improve in beauty. The blossoms were not fully out, and the innumerable buds promised a grand display ere long. The beauty of the Judas-tree was on the wane, and I even doubted whether I should find any blossom left on my return that afternoon.

To admire a tree or garden of a Japanese is as sure a way to his heart as to admire a child is to that of its mother. When I returned here the next day the good priest placed a *hibachi* near me, in case I wished to smoke, and brought the usual cup of green tea. It was a delightful spot to work in ; as it was on the way to nowhere else, I had hardly any inquisitive people to watch my proceedings. I told Masuda where I was working, and he joined me here the following morning.

While practising his English he was able to enlighten me on many things which I was keenly interested to know. He also carried his good-nature so far as to pose for me, in the doorway, in the attitude of one receiving a guest. I had sketched in the figure of the lady making her obeisance, and wanted the man to complete the subject. When he took his pose I remarked that he did not curtsy as lowly as the lady, and was

told that this was not the etiquette; but had a woman been receiving a male visitor, she would have been down on her knees, with her head to the floor.

Though so much has been reorganized in Japan during the last fifty years, matters of etiquette, and the relations of the sexes generally, are the outcome of so long a period of training that it may take centuries to alter them. A Westerner may regret that these charming women are always obliged to take a back seat when brought in contact with the opposite sex, although their happy-looking faces and delightful manners soon console him that, however unjust the training may have been, the results give us a type of womanhood which has possibly never been excelled.

Any signs of grief or vexation having been considered bad manners in every class of society for numberless past generations, a cheerful view of things has become a part of their natures. The smile required originally by good manners is now much more often the natural expression of a happy disposition.

Don't imagine for one moment that she is an insipid or incapable creature. As mistress she

can make herself obeyed by her servants without ever having to lower her dignity by becoming a scold ; the devotion and amount of work she gets out of her dependents would astonish a European housekeeper. This devotion is not got by the mere fact of feeding and paying the wages of the maids in her employ, for she understands that her duties towards her servants are quite as great as those of her servants are towards herself.

Parents, unless they belong to the most degraded classes, carefully choose the household to which they send their daughters, domestic service being considered a preparation for marriage. The wages, often consisting of little more than a suit of clothes twice a year, are of secondary consideration, and are arranged, not between the individuals chiefly concerned, but by the two households to which servant and mistress belong. Here, as elsewhere, the small farmer class supply the best servants, and the parents of the latter hold themselves responsible for the good behaviour of their daughters. The engagement may be for four or six years, according to the age of the maid, but it usually lasts till the parents have arranged their daughter's marriage.

In this important matter the girl herself has no

more say than she has in the choice of the household into which she enters. She is taught to look on her mistress as on a foster-mother, and she seldom sees her parents except when, at certain intervals, they bring presents to her employers. When her turn of domestic service is over, and she is about to enter the marriage state, her mistress will often supply her with her trousseau.

Up to the present the servant difficulty does not appear to exist ; a respectable household need have no fear of not getting well-behaved domestics to wait on it. Servant-talk, that bugbear in England and America, is seldom heard.

While I endeavoured to get the characteristics and beauty of the pomegranate, my young friend Mr. Masuda chatted about these and other matters.

We got on to the subject of marriage—more suggestive, perhaps, of a blossoming orange than of the scarlet flowers I was painting.

He had not entered the holy state himself ; very early marriages are not encouraged now, as formerly, and obligatory military service and the prolonged course of study required before entering a profession have also tended to increase the age of matrimony. He told me that he was

almost sure to have to serve in the army, as he had no physical defects, and, being an orphan, no parent depended on what he earned ; neither had he the exemption which professional studies sometimes allowed. It was therefore best not to think of matrimony till this was over.

The idea of remaining a bachelor, unless intended for the priesthood of one of the Buddhist sects where celibacy is compulsory, would never enter the mind of any young man belonging to a nation whose social organization has been founded and kept together by ancestor-worship.

Marriage was compulsory till within quite recent times, and though not legally enforced now, custom demands that every man should carry on the family cult. Where only daughters are born of the marriage, a son-in-law is found who will become also a son by adoption, and carry on the cult of the ancestors of the family of his bride. Poor men only will put themselves in this false position. The son-in-law, who thus becomes a son by adoption, changes his name for that of the family into which he marries, and their gods become his gods, and their people his people. The family cult cannot be carried on through the female line, though the duties attending on this



THE POMEGRANATE

cult are usually deputed to the women of the household.

Now marriage is a very different thing in the Far East to what it is in European countries. It is not a religious ceremony, nor is it as binding a contract as in Christian countries, and, except in very rare instances, neither of the two parties chiefly concerned have any say in the matter. Parents consider it as much their duty to provide wives for their sons and husbands for their daughters when they have reached the marriageable age as it is their duty to provide them with food and education.

It does not follow that the young couple be even acquainted with the families with whom they are to be connected, for the arrangements are left to the *nakōdo*, a match-maker. He is usually a married man, not a woman, as the term "match-maker" suggests to Anglo-Saxon ears. He is a mutual friend of the two families, and becomes, as it were, a godfather to the young couple when his arrangements have been completed.

We often pity ourselves in England when the duties of a trustee to a marriage settlement are thrust on us; but our responsibilities are light indeed compared to those of the *nakōdo*. Should

the marriage turn out a failure, the couple look to him to untie the knot which has bound them together ; but if he be a tactful man, he will often bring the husband to a proper sense of duty, and be able to avoid so extreme a measure. Obedience to the will of her husband and to that of her parents-in-law has become so much a part of a Japanese woman's nature that it is seldom her fault when family disputes arise. Should she not bear him children, custom allows the husband to have a concubine, and the children he may get by this left-handed union become his legitimate heirs. Divorce is much more common among the poorer classes than among the well-to-do, for when the couple do not agree the poor man has not the means to console himself with a concubine. Where law and custom favour one sex so very much to the disadvantage of the other, the cheerful countenance of the Japanese woman is indeed surprising.

Now to return to the duties of the *nakōdo*.

Having satisfied the parents of the young couple that the match is a suitable one, he arranges a meeting between the young man and his destined bride. His own house or that of a mutual friend is usually chosen, but among the

humbler classes this may take place at a theatre, at a temple, or wherever it may suit their convenience. Obedience to the will of their parents is so ingrained in the youth of this country that, whether the two most chiefly concerned be mutually attracted to each other or not, they, as a rule, accept their fate, as their fathers and mothers had done before them.

Shortly after this, the match-maker conveys to the young woman a present from her intended, and if her parents accept this, the betrothal becomes a binding contract. The sumptuary laws of the country used to regulate the value of this present, in order that the poorer classes should not be led into extravagance by trying to imitate those more favoured by Fortune. To choose an auspicious day for the wedding is considered of the utmost importance, and when that comes, the poor little woman is dressed in white—the colour of mourning—and towards evening she is carried in a litter to the house of her bridegroom, or more generally to that of his parents.

The idea of the mourning is that she has died to her own family, and on her leaving the parental home, it is swept out and purified in

the same way as when a corpse has been carried out for burial.

The pledging of each other in little cups of saké constitutes the actual wedding, and the bride then changes her funereal garment and appears in one befitting a festive occasion—an emblem of a new birth into the family of her husband. The bridegroom changes his garments at the same time, while the wedding guests sit down to the feast. This often lasts till the time arrives when the *nakōdo* and his wife conduct the newly-married pair to the bridal chamber. Here there is more pledging of each other in little cups of saké, and the ceremonies are then completed.

Cases do, however, occur nowadays where the young woman is the choice of her intended husband, and I am told that marriages through mutual attraction are on the increase.

A Japanese friend introduced me to his wife, who is a very pretty woman. I asked him afterwards if he had not had more say in the matter than the *nakōdo*, and he told me that they had managed to arrange it themselves without that gentleman's help. He had spent some years in Europe, and decided to be married,

or at all events to choose his wife, *à l'Européenne*. His father was not living to prevent such a departure from custom, and how far his other relations may have disapproved he did not tell me.

Readers wishing to learn more about this subject will find a detailed account in a concluding chapter in A. B. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." Professor Chamberlain also gives us a long article on marriage in "Things Japanese."

CHAPTER IX

THE LOTUS

AN excessively hot summer followed on the rains, and, had it not been for the lotus, I should have left Kyōto early in July for some summer resort in the hills near Fujiyama.

I was more anxious to see and paint the lotus than perhaps any of the other flowers which mark the different periods of the Japanese year. It is of less value pictorially than the cherry or wistaria, and than many others which I could name, since it does not form into great masses of colour, and at the most can only tell as dots of white or pink in its setting of greyish-green leaves.

I had seen its form conventionally treated on the walls of every ruined temple in Egypt, and here in Japan no Buddhist shrine seemed complete without it.

For some days I had seen its stately leaves rising up from the surface of a pond fringed with hydrangeas while painting these flowers for my

book on gardens, but it was not till the end of July that I set eyes on the actual flower whose presentment had become so familiar to me in the Near as well as in the Far East.

The hydrangeas had withered when the first buds of lotus were ready to open. The proprietor of the pond and adjoining tea-house began to rig up sheds to accommodate the visitors which any display of flowers is sure to attract in this country. One of these not only gave me shelter from the sun, but it enabled me to sit sufficiently high to see well above the leaves in the foreground, which now rose three or four feet above the level of the water.

It was necessary to get here early in the morning, for when the sun is near reaching its zenith the flowers close up. A contrary process goes on with the leaves, which are often curled up early in the day and open as the morning advances.

Mr. Alfred Parsons, in a charming little book on the flowers of Japan, mentions this difficulty in painting lotuses, and he might have added another, and that is, when a puff of wind catches the leaves, it may upset a whole foreground which the artist is struggling to draw. The

drawing of the leaves as well as of the flowers is full of beauty, and most difficult to approximate ; the relations of the bluish sky reflections on their outward surfaces of the leaves to the juicy greens where the light passes through them is as hard to get as their complex drawing.

Crowds of holiday-makers do not flock here, as in the case of the cherry-blossom, or even the irises, for the lotus is always associated in the minds of the Japanese with funerals. A certain number came, however, and at times each shed held its complement of men and women, who sipped their tea, smoked their little pipes, and gave themselves up to the full enjoyment of flower-gazing.

At this time of the year pleasure resorts, as well as the business parts of Kyōto, are abandoned from noon till four or five o'clock. It is so hot that even the rickshaw-men seem little anxious to pick up a fare should a stray pedestrian venture out in the heat.

Kyōto wisely goes to sleep, and Kyōto wakes up when the sun has sunk sufficiently to cast shadows across her streets. Maruyama Park then fills up. Every bench round the small lake is soon occupied by women and children, who



LOTUSES

throw crumbs to the wild-fowl and goldfish ; the geishas take air and exercise before entertaining the guests at the dinner-parties ; the tea-houses and booths which line the approach to Gion do a brisk trade ; and within the precincts of this temple men and women clap their hands before the many shrines, and rattle the rope against the gongs hanging from the lintels.

The Japanese are accused of not taking their religion seriously, which is, I hold, a wrong impression : they take it cheerily, and draw no hard-and-fast line between their innocent pleasures and their devotions. At the great annual festival, and also once a month, when people flock in greater numbers to the Gion temple, the booths and toy-shops are rigged up in the precincts themselves. The sounds of worship mingle strangely with the showman's exhortations to come and see a pig with two heads, or with the prattle of the cheap-jack.

From July 17 to 24 the Gion Matsuri takes place. The image of the Shinto god Susa-no-o is carried, on the evening of the first date, to his O Tabisho—that is, his sojourn in the country with his goddess.

The temple buildings are lighted with hundreds of paper lanterns, and a dense crowd fills the

precincts to see the god off on his happy journey. Everyone is well-behaved, and the police, who appear to carry nothing more formidable than a paper lantern, have no difficulty in clearing a space to allow the huge litter to approach the main building.

No sooner had the god been placed on his portable throne than the wildest excitement got hold of the crowd of young men who had volunteered to be the bearers. They wore no clothes save a loin-cloth, and when a dozen or more shouldered the four shafts of the litter, they looked like demons trying to seize the sacred image. Others lighted the ends of long bundles of bamboo, brandished them about, and very effectually cleared the space deemed necessary for the god to pass through.

There was, to all appearance, a fight going on as to the road the god should take: his litter was first rushed one way, then another, shot backwards and then forwards, the men shouting all the while. This was all the more surprising coming, as it did, from a people who are usually so quiet.

My friend Masuda, who accompanied me, explained that this was generally the case. "The god did not at once make up his mind as to the

itinerary, and till all the bearers pulled the same way it was not known by which route he wished to go to his O Tabisho." A rush one way which seemed more determined than the previous ones finally decided the question, and the god, with his noisy escort of torch-bearers, was carried into the darkness beyond the great stone *torii* facing the dancing-stage.

We now hurried out of the precincts and worked our way through Gion Machi, the main street which leads from the temple down to Shijō Bridge. We knew the god would have eventually to pass that way before reaching his goddess in the country on the western extremity of the city.

A Japanese imitation of a European café, or, rather, German beer-hall, overlooks the farther end of the bridge, and to this my friend and I hurried, so as to be in time to get seats commanding a good view. The beer is an excellent imitation of the German product, and whatever the creeds of the thirsty ones might have been, all drank to the health of Susa-no-o and to his expectant goddess.

The river, which was very much swollen a week previous to this, now showed more than two-thirds of its pebbly bed, and it was possible

for people to walk about between the western bank and the main stream. The gullies which intersected the stony bottom were bridged over, and tea-houses and booths of various sorts were erected on piles, both in the stream itself as well as in the pools and the lesser water-courses. This nightly fair reached from the Shijō Bridge to the one higher up, a distance of about a third of a mile. The whole was lighted with innumerable paper lanterns, and presented a most fairy-like scene.

People assemble here every evening during the latter part of July and August to cool themselves in the draught caused by the river. Some will sit on the mats sipping their tea, their feet dangling in the running water. Supper-parties are held, and geisha girls entertain the guests with the *samisen*; little gullies are dammed up so as to form temporary fish-ponds, round which sit numbers of children angling for miniature goldfish; merry-go-rounds, shooting-galleries, and quaint Japanese Aunt Sallies are rigged up in every available space. In the pebbly alley-ways between the shows an orderly crowd wanders about, laughing and chatting, while awaiting the arrival of the god at the bridge.

We presently hear the shouts of the bearers, and see the light of the torches reflected on the houses of Gion Machi. The crowd is ordered off the bridge by the little policemen with paper lanterns.

With a wild rush and loud shouts Susa-no-o and his escort of torch-bearers take possession of Shijō. No sooner was the bridge crossed than the frantic efforts of the god to reach his goddess ceased; he gibbed, if one may say so of a god, backed, and then made a dash for the balustrades to the right and left of him. His bearers were now in a frenzy of excitement, some pulling him one way, some another, and then, as if agreed that the goddess could wait a few minutes longer, they ran their sacred load back to the east end of the bridge. They crossed and recrossed it several times before they continued their way to the western part of the city.

During the six following nights the empty shrine of Susa-no-o was the chief attraction of Kyōto. Thousands of pilgrims, who had come in from the surrounding provinces, would attend the fair, and end the evening in the tea-houses in the bed of the Kamogawa.

Everyone declared that this was the hottest

July on record ; the early morning and an hour or two before sunset were the only times when work seemed possible.

The heat forced up the lotuses, and I was thankful to be able to get into the hills by the beginning of August.

I dined with Mr. Kanocogni down at Shijō a day or two before leaving, and he was able to inform me that he had found the very man I needed as guide, philosopher, and friend for the next few months.

Our dinner was at a restaurant, built out over the stream and within sight of the *Shijō-gawara no suzumi*, or the alfresco fête which nightly takes place in the bed of the river. The chief dish was a particular fish which is eaten raw, and was yet unconsciously swimming about in a tub lashed to the piles supporting the dining-stage. I had practised the use of chopsticks since my first Japanese meal, but the idea of eating uncooked fish made me go hot and cold. I had eaten smoked fish in Germany, and also raw fish pickled in various ways, but to see it taken out of its element, and its still quivering flesh placed before me the next minute, nearly made me sick.

I was recommended to dip the pieces into a

little bowl of *shōyu*, a favourite sauce in Japan, and concentrating my thoughts on the sauce, I ate some, and almost succeeded in persuading myself that it was rather nice. Anxious, however, not to appear greedy, I may have left more than manners actually required, and swallowed several little cups of saké with the haste with which a child swallows orange wine after a dose of cod-liver oil. A slight suspicion of that useful medicine had not been drowned in the saké, for it lingered on through a part of the next course.

There were three pretty little geisha girls dining under the third paper lantern from ours. One was extremely pretty, and pointing this out to my host, I was told that she was "No. 3." I naturally wished to know what "No. 3" meant. "For wit and beauty she is given that place amongst the geisha of Kyōto." I wondered what "No. 1" might be like. "Not necessarily more beautiful," was my answer; "for wit ranks equally high, and, as a matter of fact, "No. 3" is perhaps the prettiest, though not as clever as the two first ones." It was rather a shock when I saw pretty Miss "No. 3" poke a piece of raw fish between her rosy lips. I reflected that a Japanese would probably be as shocked to see a pretty

English girl eating underdone beef at home, and I knocked one of my few remaining prejudices on the head.

To my surprise, "No. 3" and her two companions trotted up to where we were squatting when our respective meals were over. They went down on their knees, and bowed till their heads touched the matting. My friend received this homage with a slight bow and a smile, and introduced them to me. Belonging to the superior sex, it would not have been polite to have introduced me to them—this is in Japan, I hasten to add. Renewed prostrations for my benefit now followed, and I did my best to receive these as due to the superiority of the male sex. They could not stop to sip tea with us, since they were due at a performance, where they were going to dance; they bid us good-bye now with bows more familiar than reverential, and with that low laugh which is as natural to them as breathing they tripped out of the room, and I saw them no more.

I remarked to my friend how thankful I was that the craze which obtained some years ago for adopting European dress had died out. He, as an artist, would be sure to appreciate this. "Indeed I do," he answered; "not only the

artists, but all the men, thought the Western dress unbecoming to our women, and they were not long in returning to their national costume. It is also less extravagant, on account of there being no sudden changes in fashion, and it is more cleanly from its being much simpler to wash."

I also remarked that the Japanese were too short-legged to wear becomingly Western dress. "We are altering that," he said, and as I naturally looked sceptical, he hastened to assure me that it was a fact. Medical men had come to the conclusion that the kneeling posture of the children impeded the circulation, and prevented the full development of the lower limbs, in consequence of which all school-children are now obliged to sit on stools during lesson-hours. Careful measurements are periodically made, and it is proved beyond doubt that the children on leaving school have now longer legs than those of their parents.

They are indeed a wonderful people !

The geisha is an institution so essentially Japanese that a few words on the subject may not be out of place here.

Anyone professing or calling himself a Christian can hardly fail to condemn it, and in truth Occidentals generally, whether they hold the faith of

their forefathers or not, still hold, unconsciously perhaps, sufficient to condemn an institution which they feel is lowering to the sex of wife, mother, or sister. A Japanese would answer that it might be immoral for a European society to recognize such an institution ; but as he is not a Christian, and does not admit that woman is on an equality with man, the suppression of the geisha would not morally improve his country. One may point out that it is not fair to sacrifice these girls for the pleasure men may derive thereby, whether the country they are born in be heathen or Christian. The probable answer would be, that she gets more enjoyment out of her butterfly existence than she would have done had her parents not sold her as a child to the keeper of the geisha house, but had made her work knee-deep in the paddy-fields to get barely food enough to keep her.

“What becomes of her when, at the age of twenty-seven, her term with the geisha-keeper comes to an end?” “A few marry, more become concubines, and the remainder, if they have been able to save a little money, keep geisha houses themselves in their turn.”

Now, having prefaced my description of the



GEISHAS

geisha with an imaginary argument, let us see how this wonderful work of art is produced.

Bought while a little child, of the neediest parents, if her looks and health promise a good investment, she becomes the property of her mistress till she reaches an age when her attractions are on the decline. Her discipline is a severe one, and none but an experienced hand could turn this peasant-child into the accomplished little woman she is destined to become. In Kyōto she is daily sent to the school for *meiko* (the name she goes by till she reaches the age of fifteen); she is taught to read and write, and all the ordinary things learnt in an elementary girls' school. Besides this, she has to spend hours learning the different postures of the Japanese dance; she is taught to play the drum, the *samisen*, and possibly the *cotto*—musical instruments requiring much more skill than one would suppose. The elaborate etiquette observed at weddings and other social gatherings must be acquired; drawing-room games, polite speech, and, above all, to look her best on all occasions. She may have to accompany geisha to dinner-parties when only eight or ten years of age, where she will beat her drum in accompaniment

to the other musical instruments, and mark time to the dance of her elder sisters. She must fill the little wine-cups to the brim without spilling a drop, and be careful that every movement is graceful. By the time she is twelve or thirteen she will be sent out to banquets, to dance with *meiko* of her own age, and at fifteen or sixteen she may make her *début* as a geisha.

I was taken round the school of the *meiko*, and watched them being taught all these accomplishments. There might have been a hundred or more little girls, and though I was conscious that they were all the slaves of geisha-keepers, they looked so healthy and happy that I failed to feel sufficiently sorry for their lot.

The Japanese are naturally kind to children, and it is in the interest of their owners to keep them in good health and in happiness, for a doleful-faced geisha is wanted nowhere.

While I was watching the teacher of the *samisen* instructing a slopy-eyed little pupil how to handle the plectrum, a party of Anglo-Saxons came in—two large, stout women and a rather pretty girl of about eighteen. The contrast in their appearance to that of the teachers in this school was startling. They

would have been considered tall anywhere, but here they looked giantesses. The two older women had ponderous shoulders and busts, and their pinched-in waists accentuated the bulk of their hips. They looked as if they felt that they were too big, and were doing their best to cut themselves in two. They unscaled the building we were in ; the passages now looked too narrow, the ceilings too low. They were unbecomingly hot, and their voices sounded too loud. The young girl's face was pretty, but her figure and movements were that of a boy. She suggested hockey more than any graceful accomplishments. Their dresses made me thankful that the women of Japan had retained their national costume. The fat women were upholstered rather than clothed, and the girl's dress did not become her for the lack of feminine grace to carry it off.

In outward appearance the difference between these women of the two races was great, but worlds separated them sociologically.

The careworn expression of the teachers told of long hours of drudgery patiently borne and poorly remunerated. And for what purpose ? To turn these bought children into elegant toys for the pecuniary benefit of their keepers !

The prosperous look of the tourists was almost aggressive. They might come and go whither they willed, and could indulge their desires with the wealth which others had toiled for. They would be treated with deference by their men-folk instead of being their servants. The young lady could hope to marry the man of her fancy, and could not, like the young pupils in this school, be bought and sold to a life of degradation. To be sure, the social position of these Occidentals was different to that of their Oriental sisters they had come to see, and had they been visiting a school for young ladies of the well-to-do classes in Japan, their conditions would have contrasted less, but the race differences would have been just as striking.

I had been told that wit told as much as beauty towards the success of the *meiko* when she made her *début* as a geisha. Now, young women with more than a slight sense of humour are rare in most countries. That this automatic training should ever develop real wit seems hard to believe. That it does exist will, I think, be proved by the following specimen.

A Mr. Sizer, a young Englishman in one of the foreign settlements, met some geishas at

an entertainment. The letter "i" in his name being pronounced here the same as in Latin countries, he was called what to our ears would sound like Cæsar San.

A slight breach of etiquette on his part made one of these girls pretend that she was offended, and she left the room for a short while. On her return the Englishman asked her if she had forgiven him, when she drew herself up, and, in a voice of mock tragedy, quoted in good English the opening lines of Mark Antony's speech: "I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

Now this would have been a clever retort from a well-educated English or American woman, but coming, as it did, from a Japanese dancing-girl, it sounds incredible. I can, however, vouch for the truth of the story. It is just possible that she belonged to a different class to that from which the majority of the geishas come, and was turning her talents and looks to account in order to assist parents that had got into straitened circumstances. In some cases a good marriage ends their butterfly career, but too often the end of these charming little creatures is too unpleasant to dwell on.

CHAPTER X

JOURNEY TO SHŌJI

HAVING completed *tant bien que mal* my studies of the lotus pond, I decided to get away from the heat of Kyōto at once, and go to Shōji. There was so much in the old capital which I had proposed painting, and so many sights I had deferred seeing to leisure days which never came, that I left this beautiful city with the firm intention of returning to it as soon as cooler weather would make work a possibility and sight-seeing a pleasure.

The guide, philosopher, and friend that Mr. Kanocogni had kindly procured me arrived in time for us to catch the night train to Tōkyō.

Hirosué Tsuda is his name. We will introduce him to the reader as the G.P.F., trusting that this may not be mistaken for some Government department.

We reached Gotemba about eleven on the following morning, and had barely time to get

our baggage into the primitive little tramway which skirts a part of the base of Fujiyama and ends at Kami-Yoshida. As the crow flies the distance is only fifteen miles, but we soon found that the straight course which that bird supposedly takes is very different to the one of this tramway. We also had not realized that we had to rise some two thousand feet, and we had made no allowance for the time spent in coaxing the car on to the rails after the numerous times it got off them.

For eight hours we had to sit on a hard and narrow bench in the little car, tightly packed with all sorts and conditions of country-folk. The derailments allowed us to stretch our legs a little, and after getting used to them they came almost as a relief. We were too tightly packed to be shaken very much after we had picked up the car's full complement of passengers, and a fat woman next to me made a very good buffer.

Our fellow-passengers, being mostly of the humbler classes, were much more communicative than the ones we had as companions in the night express, also much more amusing. As none were likely to understand English, the G.P.F. was able to discuss them with me, and interpret any of the talk which caused most entertain-

ment. A Buddhist priest of the Zen sect and a jolly old farmer were the wags of the party; the accidents on the line were looked on as huge jokes, and the directions they volunteered to the hands occupied in righting the car on to the rails gave them ample scope for their witticisms. A small tradesman and his concubine sat between them, and more or less led the laughter, as the claque in a French theatre leads the applause. There were one or two students on their way to climb Fuji, who were getting into training by leaving the car at intervals to climb a hill, joining us again when we had circled round a part of its base.

An elderly woman, who fortunately sat in the farther corner to the one I was in, was suffering from a severe catarrh; she used pieces of a newspaper as a handkerchief, and threw them out of the window, showing her contempt for modern journalism at the same time. She and another woman were the more serious part of the company. The latter had two babies with insatiable appetites; the poor creature would hardly finish nursing one when the second would cry for its dinner. She looked the picture of exhausted maternity; she would probably have



FUJIYAMA FROM SHIOJI

laughed with the rest of them had she a laugh left in her. My fat neighbour and excellent buffer was a woman of many negative qualities ; ready to laugh or look serious, and to agree with everything and everybody. My luggage filled up the little platform for the driver, who sat on the upturned end of my trunk and let his legs dangle over the splash-board. Like most Japanese drivers, he had no whip, but was able to make the pair of ponies do their utmost by means of those peculiar sounds which the Jehu of every country is an adept at making. He was very popular with the ladies, had a little chaff with every peasant-girl we met or overtook on the road, and one who was carrying an extra large bundle was allowed to climb up on his platform, provided that she jumped off before reaching the station where he was likely to meet the inspector. "Always ready to give a good-looking girl a ride for nothing," he informed the company, while the young woman settled down on the top of my suit-case, and deposited her bundle on my hold-all.

I was fortunate enough to be able to catch up some raw eggs, a doughy kind of bun, and some apples, in a little village we passed, or I should

have had nothing from six o'clock that morning till we reached Yoshida.

It was a beautiful day ; ever-varying cloud-shapes hung about the summit of Fuji, sometimes hiding and sometimes setting off its graceful outlines. As we circled round the lower hills we lost sight of it for a while, and it would reappear in the least expected places.

When we reached Lake Yamanaka, we had a less impeded view of the great extinct volcano ; the clouds had dispersed, and the darkening summit stood out sharply against the sky. The snow had mostly disappeared, except in the crevasses, and it told as a pale violet on the dark mass of purple on which it lay.

For another couple of hours we ascended slowly, through a wild, uncultivated country, with scarcely a trace of human habitation. No cattle or sheep browsed on the hill-slopes, though these were rich in vegetation ; we saw a few birds, some strange butterflies and beetles, and now and again a snake would wriggle across our track.

The benches in our rickety tramcar seemed to get harder as each hour elapsed, and nothing short of a derailment could stir up the least

excitement in our company during the last few miles before we reached Yoshida.

This village, just bordering on the dimensions of a small country town, was *en fête*: lanterns and banners hung from every house, and strings of small flags stretched across the street. On inquiry, I learnt that a large number of pilgrims was expected, Fuji now being sufficiently free from snow to allow climbers to reach its summit.

Nature-worship being an important feature of Shintoism, it was to be supposed that Fuji, Japan's greatest mountain, would be considered a holy place; and where an agreeable mountain ascent is the pilgrimage, there is never a lack of people to take part in it.

Yoshida is a favourite starting-point, and during the two or three months that Fuji is open its numerous inns do a very good trade.

We decided not to spend the night here, but to push on to Funatso, the next stage in our journey. The G.P.F. secured a man and hand-cart to take our luggage, and a delightful walk of two or three miles brought us there shortly after the sun had set.

We got a room at a primitive little inn over-

looking Lake Kawaguchi. We were supplied with sandals and kimonos, and the landlady offered to undress us while her husband heated up the bath. I explained that as I was a child no longer, I could undress myself, but being famished, we should be glad of some dinner as soon as the bath was over. This was received with smiles and bows and assurances that she would do her best: "It is a humble inn which my honoured guests have condescended to patronize, and I fear that my utmost efforts must of a necessity be unworthy." The G.P.F. had nearly undressed during this speech, and I had got off as much clothing as decency allowed when the lady trotted off in search of what food-stuffs the village could supply.

The novelty of being considered a tall man had worn off a little, but when I got into a kimono made for a Japanese I felt a giant. This garment only reached a few inches below my knees. I climbed down the steep flight of stairs which led into the living-room below, and was the cause of some merriment to the second-class guests who were assembled there. A sandal I had not gripped firmly enough between the large and second toe slipped off and clattered down the steps, while the

other one, which I had gripped too tightly, slid round and stuck out at right angles to my foot. As this did not stop the laughter, I took off sandal No. 2, and had a shot at its fellow with it, and nearly toppled down myself in doing so. There were no banisters to these steps, so I thought it safest to turn round and descend as one does on a ladder. I was received with applause like one who had successfully pulled off a comic interlude at a serious gathering.

A hen-house had been converted into a bathroom; but as there was a clean towel, a bucket of cold water, and a steaming hot bath, I had nothing to complain of.

Forgetful of all I had read about the Japanese bath, I put my foot into the tub, but very quickly pulled it out again, and have felt sorry for the fate of the lobster ever since. I called out to the landlord, who was still stoking in a little shed attached to the ex-hen-house, and he lowered the temperature of the bath to within slow boiling-point, and then another bucketful of cold water made it just possible to get in. No soap is allowed in the hot bath, as it would soil the water for the other guests. The correct thing is to have a preliminary wash before you get in, to have a long

soak in the heated water, then to be scrubbed by the bath-man, and end with a cold douche.

There being no bath-man in this primitive inn, the maid-of-all-work might have to scrub the guests, had she not been fortunately otherwise engaged, and I was left to complete my ablutions by myself.

Bathing is so universal in Japan, and the bath-room so important a feature in a Japanese inn, that we may refer to it again later on.

The guest-rooms in the Naka-ya were built out from the original cottage, and supported on piles which were sunk in the bed of the lake itself. The fine view had evidently been an important consideration to the speculative proprietor when he ventured on this inn, which serves as a resting-place for foreigners on their way to Shōji Hotel. The length of Lake Kawaguchi had to be traversed; carriers had to be provided to take the luggage on to the next lake, and when that was crossed, four miles of portage was necessary before reaching Lake Shōji, on which the foreign hotel stood.

The proprietor was able to supply these wants and also *kago*, a species of litter, for any who might not be up to the walk. His ideas of

European food were limited. He had taught someone to bake bread, and professed to being able to get cow's milk. Some tinned meats stood on a shelf in the living-room, but as they might have been there for some years, I was loath to disturb them. My guide had told him that I liked Japanese food, and I proved this to his satisfaction when at last the dinner was served. A delicious fish-broth with mushrooms, called *ocean*, a little bowl of *tamago yaki*, a compound of egg and curded beans, and a dish of fresh trout, were none of them things to be despised after a long fast and a tiring day's journey, and the plain boiled rice with which every Japanese meal ends seems somehow or another just the thing required.

The prejudice foreigners have against the native food is surprising. Ninety-nine out of a hundred would have come here provided with tins, and eaten this messy and often stale food in preference to the clean and wholesome fare the landlord could give them.

When the empty little lacquer bowls were cleared away we were ready for bed. The *nésan*, a thick-set country wench, started vigorously to sweep the matting, we having to skip about to keep clear of her broom. She then brought in

the quilts, spread them on the floor, and placed a sheet over them ; from the recesses of her hanging sleeve she fetched out a tin of insect-powder (a Japanese imitation of Keating's), and peppered a brown line of fortification round the edge of the sheet. I watched this operation with mixed feelings ; was surprised that in so clean a looking room it should have been necessary. I was anxious to learn what species of foe she was protecting us against. "It was to keep off the *nomi*," she said ; and I wasn't much the wiser. I imitated a crawling motion with my fingers, and she shook her head. I then gave some hops with my finger over the matting, and found that I had made a correct guess.

The foe was less alarming than the one I at first feared, but should the Japanese *nomi* be as nimble as the European one, he would not think it much of a hop to clear so narrow a fortification. I borrowed the *nésan's* pepper-pot, dusted the whole sheet, and gave her to understand that they might put another halfpenny on to the bill. Encouraged by such generosity, she ran out to fetch an enormous green muslin mosquito-curtain, which she suspended from four hooks in the ceiling. It had a band of black tape at each angle,



A HOMESTEAD NEAR SHŌJI

and also at the top and bottom, and when fixed in position it looked like a huge meat-safe. She then hitched up a corner to allow me to creep into the bed, and drew the edges of the curtain up to the powdery line of fortification.

Satisfied that I was properly protected from the *ka* as well as the *nomi*, she went down on her knees, brought her forehead to the matting, and bid me "O yasumi nasai," which, being interpreted literally, is, "Honourably resting deign." I gave her the correct answer, "O yasumi," heard her draw back the slides, and I tried to compose myself for a night's rest. The pillow was shaped like a thick rolling-pin, and nearly as hard. It rolled back over the quilt when I put my head on it; placing it further from the edge of the bedding, I found my feet sticking out at the other end and well over the Keating border. The quilt was fortunately a wide one, and by stretching from corner to corner I was able to get my feet covered. I also learnt how the pillow should be treated to keep it stationary, and that is to get it fixed in the nape of the neck.

The old lady with the catarrh was squatting in the further corner of the green meat-safe, and had changed rôles with the priest of the Zen

sect, for she was snuffling out jokes while he was using a newspaper as a pocket-handkerchief. The G.P.F. was nursing the hungry babes, and exhausted motherhood was roaring with laughter at his attempts. The bucksome wench was slowly disappearing through the cover of my suitcase, when a rattle and a bang awoke me.

I thought that the meat-safe had gone off the rails: fortunately it was nothing more alarming than the noise of the wooden shutters, which the *nésan* and landlady were pushing along the grooves outside the *shōji* (the paper slides), and that banged together as they met in the middle.

I had purposely left the *shōji* wide open, so as to wake up at daybreak, and also to enjoy the cool breeze which blew across the lake. But I remembered now that police regulations oblige everyone to lock up their houses at night. I felt oppressed with a sense of stuffiness, and would have pulled down the muslin curtain had not a gentle “mi-i-i” made me aware that mosquitoes were outside it. One or two *nomi* must have crossed the Keating, and while trying to drive one off my ankle, the rolling-pin slipped from under my head. I began to feel more lenient to

the foreigner who avoids the native inns ; perhaps he was not such a silly idiot after all.

A long day spent in the bracing air did more than counteract the nibbling of the *nomi* and the hardness of my pillow, for I became unconscious of everything till the light streamed in through the cracks in the shutters.

Mr. Tsuda had made all the necessary arrangements with the landlord for the remainder of our journey, and we were rowed across the lake before the sun had risen above the surrounding hills.

Kawaguchi is the most picturesque of the five lakes which circle round the northern slopes of Fuji. Funatso is prettily situated, at the east and lower end, on a slight promontory capped by a heavily thatched Shinto temple. The low-lying hills and partly fishing, partly agricultural villages on the southern edge often make a fine foreground to the great mountain which rises above them.

The cottages are all thatched, and the ridges are thickly covered with house-leeks and a variety of stonecrop ; on some we saw a fine display of tiger-lilies. Whether the bulbs of the latter are planted here, or whether the seed is

dropped by birds or blown up from the little gardens below, I have never been able to ascertain. A wooden object, shaped like a scythe and about a yard high, is generally stuck at both ends of the ridge. I am told this is to keep off evil spirits.

We reached the head of the lake in a little over an hour, when our luggage, and that of a German merchant from Yokohama who accompanied us, was strapped on to the backs of four coolies whom we had taken with us. We climbed over a little pass in the hills and descended to the shore of Nishinoumi. Here a fresh boat was engaged, and we were taken across this lake to a little riparian village called Nemba.

The sun was now getting uncomfortably hot, and we were thankful that the four or five miles we had to tramp to reach Lake Shōji was mostly through a thickly-wooded country.

It is astonishing how these little coolies can tramp up the hills, heavily laden as they often are, and on a diet on which an Englishman would starve.

When we reached the last bit of water which we had to cross, the men halloed to the hotel

on the opposite shore to bring the boat, and when they had succeeded in making themselves heard, we were able to dismiss them.

An hour later Mrs. Higuchi welcomed us at the landing-stage of the hotel which bears her name.

CHAPTER XI

SHŌJI

SHŌJI is an ideal spot for the foreign residents at Kōbe or Yokohama to pass their holidays. The air is bracing, the scenery is beautiful; delightful excursions are to be made from here, and bathing, boating, and fishing of sorts is to be had on the lake which the hotel overlooks. It is too ungetatable for a week-end outing, though well worth the trouble of getting there for those who can afford the time it takes. The inconveniences of the tramway journey can be minimized by a party hiring a car for themselves, and good pedestrians can make the return journey by walking to Kōfu and taking the train to Yokohama, or by descending the Fujikawa rapids and joining the Tokaido Railway at Iwabuchi.

If the latter route be taken, the excursionist will have gone round the whole of the base of Fujiyama, amidst the most varied and beautiful

scenery. The river trip can be spread over three days by sleeping a night at Minobu—the Mecca of the Buddhists of the Nicheren sect—and rejoining the boat at Hakii the next morning. Visitors to Japan on pleasure bent, and not suffering from nerves, should make a point of taking this trip. Full directions are given in Murray, and also an excellent description of Minobu.

Should they fail to do this, they may live in danger of meeting a six weeks' excursionist, who will exclaim: "Do you mean to say that you were all that time in Japan and never went down the Fujikawa!" The writer lives in that danger now, and, alas! has yet another hanging over him: for two months he could gaze with respect on the crown of Fujiyama when she lifted her cloudy veil, but no attempt did he make to reach that crown and look down on her loveliness. Attempts to portray some of her beauty and to depict many of the delightful subjects which lay in her shadow required all the time at his disposal.

Shōji is an ideal spot, as we said before, both for the idler, the overworked man needing a rest, or the tourist who is satiated with the sights which he has been rushed round to see. But unfortunately it did not altogether suit the

requirements of my particular case. From the hotel an uninterrupted view of the whole of Fuji is obtained, but a poor foreground to help the composition. She looked much more imposing from many places we had passed on the way here, where her outlines were partly hid and her height enhanced by the lesser hills lying at her base. I could make studies of the cloud-forms which often hung about her summit; but a good picture of the mountain is not to be got here.

The village of Shōji, which Murray contemptuously dismisses as a squalid hamlet, has distinct pictorial possibilities, and I spent most of my time in painting there; it takes half an hour's row across the lake to reach it, and I was not always fortunate enough to find the boat disengaged.

The village starts in a fold in the hills, and spreads out as it reaches down to the edge of the lake. The dwellers at the top are mainly agricultural, if such a term can be applied to the poor folk who scratch little terraces out of the mountain-side to grow a patch of maize or millet. Wood-chopping is the chief occupation of the bulk of the population; the women bring the wood down from the heights, while the men cut

it into lengths and sizes to be turned into broom-handles and many other commodities. Thousands of chop-sticks are also made here, and with a surprising rapidity. Down on the strand live the fisher-folk and the boatmen who bring the timber from across the lake.

An unsophisticated people dwell in this remote village, and live now much in the same way as their forbears lived a thousand and more years before them. A chain of mountains cuts them off from the nearest township, eighteen miles away, and no squire or parson lives within that distance to use any civilizing influence. The Shinto priest is in as humble a position as the rest, and probably chops wood when not attending to the ceremonies of the communal cult at the village temple.

Since the new order of things, the little ones have to attend school, and a policeman has a look round about once a fortnight.

The hotel across the lake had only been built a few years ago, and the guests seldom paid the village a visit. I was stared at as though I were some strange being dropped out of another planet, and curiosity was highly awakened when I sat down to paint their houses.

Where there is apparently so little control, a stranger would expect the people to be living in a state of savagery, instead of being industrious and well-behaved. Let him look a little deeper into the matter, and he will find that there is less individual freedom here than in any European community, be it ever so well policed.

Each member of a household is responsible for its good behaviour to the head of the family. The sisters must obey the brothers ; the younger sons are ruled by the elder ; and all are subject to the will of the father or grandfather, as the case may be. The head of each household is responsible to the elders of the village, and they, in their turn, are subject to the rulers of the district. Everyone is in a sense his brother's keeper, for the sin of the one is visited on the many.

Though cruel punishments cannot, as formerly, be inflicted on the erring ones, social custom is so deeply engrained that none dare openly to fight against it.

They are not alone ruled by the living ; they must be careful also not to offend the spirits of the dead ; neglect of the family cult may bring disaster on that family, and neglect of the



THE COMMUNAL SHRINE

communal cult may cause suffering to the whole community. The Shinto priest, who may be chopping wood to eke out his little salary, is the representative of a more powerful system of government than the framers of any constitution could ever hope to attain. It has ruled these people for probably more than three millenniums, and has become a part and parcel of their natures.

The police may have to enforce new regulations, and men may be fined or imprisoned for the breach of a law recently enacted. The rule of the dead will remain a power for good as long as Japan holds a prominent position amongst the nations.

A sanitary regulation was being carried out during one of the days that I worked there, and a policeman had come over from Motosu for the purpose. Four times a year the mats have to be taken out of the houses to be beaten and aired in the sun—a bad lookout for the *nomi*. I found it just as well to do my sketching on the windward side of these operations. In the better class of houses the mats are taken off the frames to which they are fixed and turned after the first six months, and they are discarded after a year.

The paper is also stripped off the *shōji*, and renewed every six months.

To satisfy the sensibilities of the foreigners, who go to Japan in ever-increasing numbers, a police regulation obliges everyone to take his daily bath indoors; and in the towns, where there are plenty of police to enforce it, these ablutions on the pavement during the hot weather are not seen at present. They were not so particular here in Shōji, for I constantly saw men and women tubbing themselves in the little courts in front of their cottages, and sometimes in the street itself.

To heat up the bath inside the small houses would make them unbearably hot, so the large tub and heating furnace are placed outside till the weather cools down. "Nudity in Japan is seen but not looked at," as someone pithily put it. As the Japanese are a very law-abiding people, it is probable that in a few years this alfresco bathing will cease to exist, although it is always hard to put laws into force which are foreign to the customs of a people.

I had my first experience of an earthquake while staying at Shōji. I was working in my room when it occurred.

I felt the hotel shake several times before I was aware of the cause. I went on with my painting, wishing that Mrs. Higuchi had chosen some other time for moving her furniture. A more violent shake than the first ones made me blot my drawing, and I reflected that, if the workmen did not move the furniture more carefully, they would bring the ceiling down on me. I looked up to see if there were any dangerous cracks in the plaster, when it dawned on me that there was no floor above.

A low rumble followed, increasing in strength, till the windows rattled to such an extent that I moved rapidly away from the glass. I heard hurried footsteps in the passage, and as my door had flown open, I saw one of the German guests running past to get outside. He must have seen me as he flew past, for he called out : " Ach ! do you not veal die eardquake ? "

Now, don't think that I was particularly brave, or that my German acquaintance was exceptionally timid. He had lived some years in Japan, and was instantly aware of the cause of the shaking, and fully alive to the awful possibilities ; whereas, in my case, it was mostly over before I clearly realized what was happen-

ing. I remembered some of the remarks Professor Chamberlain makes on the subject in "Things Japanese"—how the novice always wonders why people should make such a fuss about it; how he changes his mind after a few more experiences; and how his terror of earthquakes grows with length of residence in this earthquake-shaken land. I wondered if, after my fifth or sixth experience, I would be in such a mortal funk as my friend appeared to be in.

I went on with my work and forgot all about the earthquake till the next day, when a newspaper arrived with a description of the damages which it had caused.

Two days later I was spending the evening in the sitting-room with the other guests, when we experienced a shock far severer than the last ones. It came without the slightest warning, and only lasted a few seconds. The noise it made was probably far greater than it would have made in a solidly-constructed house; but the danger was far less, for wooden buildings will yield to vibrations which might easily bring down brick or stone walls.

I felt less comfortable after this, my second experience. For one thing, it made more noise

in this room, which had windows extending round two sides of it. During a minute or two after the shake everyone seemed on the *qui vive*, and the most interesting story would not have had a listener.

A lady declared that she knew one was coming, as she felt sick just before it. "Was it really before, and not at the time, or so soon after that she would not notice the difference?" These were questions thought or only hinted at. But we were assured, with the assurance which only the doubted word brings forth, that such had been her experience each time. Others have also told me that a feeling of nausea always preceded, in their cases, an earthquake shock.

The safest place in a room is just under the doorway, for should part of the roof or a chimney-stack come crashing through the ceiling, you get some protection from the lintel and the wall above it. I should feel more convinced of the prophetic sickness mentioned above had I ever seen or even heard of anyone so warned making for this place of comparative safety before and not after the shock.

A Japanese superstition, still existing amongst the least educated, is that earthquakes are caused

by a huge subterranean fish, which, on waking up, wriggles about and causes the vibrations. A book could be written on the superstitions, the anecdotes, and the native illustrations bearing on this subject.

Since the waking up of Japan to modern science, seismological research has been actively carried on. The seismometer is nearly as familiar to an educated Japanese as the barometer is to the European. Japan has had the benefit of Professor Milne's scientific knowledge, and a volume of the "Seismological Transactions" treats entirely on the volcanoes in the Japanese Empire. When we look for the weather forecasts in our papers, the Japanese look for a report of any earthquake shocks recorded during the last twenty-four hours.

It is not supposed that science will ever be able to prevent these disturbances, but science has been able to point out some means of minimizing their disastrous results. It has been proved that the vibrations are much greater at the surface of the soil than in the lower layers. To illustrate this, it is only necessary to place several billiard-balls in a row and touching each other on a table, and by striking the first ball

it will be seen that the farthest one will move the fastest, the intermediate ones remaining comparatively stationary.

Little damage may result to a building if its foundations be isolated from the soil's surface. Before science had proved this fact, the law of the survival of the fittest had taught the Japanese builders to adopt this plan. The framing of their structures being entirely of wood, it was advisable to disconnect the perpendicular supports from the soil so as to prevent the rot. The timbers were, therefore, not sunk into the ground, but rested on stone plinths, which served as the true foundations. The wooden pillars of important buildings have a bronze casing at the base, and probably a metal pin is dowelled into the stone beneath.

It is generally supposed that wood was chosen in preference to stone or brick for building material on account of its being less liable to damage from earthquakes. It may be one of the reasons; the greater cost of brick or stone is probably the chief cause. Nine-tenths of Japan is only suitable for the growth of timber, and with this material close at hand wooden structures were the most likely ones to be erected. Had timber been scarce, it is possible that more durable

buildings would have been evolved to resist, in a measure, the earth's vibrations. Such buildings are now being constructed in the European settlements in Tōkyō and in other cities.

The one-storied house, so universal elsewhere, is doubtless due to the fear of the earthquake, for it is hardly to be supposed that in towns where the ground is valuable such low houses would exist but for this cause.

Japan suffers from a scourge even greater than earthquakes, and that is fire. A serious visitation of the former is usually followed by the latter. Houses built of wood, the partitions generally of paper, the floors covered with straw-matting, and the rooms often only lighted with paper lanterns—with such an abundance of inflammable material, can one wonder that fires are so prevalent?

It is said that good taste prevents the owner of valuable works of art from making a display of his treasures in his rooms; and in truth, if you call on a Japanese who is known as an art-collector, you will be disappointed at the small number of beautiful things seen in his sitting-rooms. A *kakemono* of some painter of the Kanō school and a beautiful vase or statuette may be

seen in the *takemona*, but beyond that all is simplicity itself. Should he know that you are interested in Japanese art, he will send a servant to fetch some more things from the godown. I may mention here that a godown is a fireproof room attached to most buildings where there is anything especially valuable to protect.

The two objects in his room which are there solely for decorative purposes have their beauty and importance very much enhanced in such a simple and also tasteful setting. The ornamentation of the sliding-screens and other necessary objects is in good taste, though not costly.

The effect is pleasing, but the cause of this scarcity of precious things is not far to seek. The owner knows full well the risks from fire which he would run should he leave his valuables in such inflammable surroundings. Good taste is here the handmaiden of expediency.

Were a man sufficiently wealthy not to mind risking the loss of his works of art, he would be justly deemed a vulgarian.

In spite of precautions, it is sad to think of the havoc fire has caused to countless art treasures.

During the last two days I spent in Kyōto, a

fire raged at Ōsaka, which is the second largest city in Japan. It is estimated that more than a quarter of the buildings were destroyed before the fire could be mastered.

I was astonished at the little excitement that so great a calamity caused in Kyōto, which is only about thirty miles distant from Ōsaka. The Japanese are not fatalists, like the Moham-medans, who are past-masters in bearing the trials of others ; but this seeming indifference must be due to the frequent occurrence of this dreadful scourge.

Many a prayer falls on the deaf ears of Fudo's image, to ask his protection from the fires he controls. May they be heard where the prayer of the faithful is acceptable, though offered up to wood and stone !

FUJIVAMA



CHAPTER XII

JOURNEY TO KŌFU

I WAS fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of a German officer and his wife, who had come to the hotel by the Kōfu route. They told me of a wonderful display of lotuses they had seen in the moat round the ruined Kōfu Castle.

This was not to be lost, and, finding that Mr. Tsuda was equal to a long day's tramp, I decided to leave the next day and return to Shōji when I had got what I wanted.

We secured an agile young man to carry our traps, and started at six in the morning, hoping to get over the pass in the mountain range we had to cross before the full heat of the day.

A tramp in bracing air and amidst beautiful scenery is a delightful thing in itself, but add to this a distinct object, and let it be in a country where a surprise may be awaiting you round

every turning of the road : your day's tramp thus becomes such an asset in the joys of existence as to wipe out a host of vexations and discomforts which may have accumulated on the wrong side of the account.

Such a one it was which took us from Shōji to the lotus-flowers at Kōfu.

We crossed the water, ascended the village, and took a path leading through the pine-woods to the top of the ridge of hills which semicircle round the lake. Looking back, we got a fine view of Fuji's cone rising from a magnificent wreath of clouds which hung round its base. The reflections in the lake were unruffled as they seldom are at a later hour in the day ; the village lay at our feet, its mouse-coloured thatch etherealized by the transparent columns of smoke which rose straight up till a higher current of air cut them off.

We had one last look at Fuji, and descended into the next valley. Our path led alongside a stream which splashed and eddied around the stones and fallen timber in its course. Wild hydrangeas grew in profusion, and often lined each side of the pathway ; gentian, monk's-hood, and *Lilium auratum* thrived in the moistened air

and shelter of the heavier timbered trees we then were under.

The stream increased considerably in volume as we got farther down its course, and when we emerged out of the wood we looked down on a series of water-mills with curious little overshot wheels, fed through conduits made of thick bamboo stems. A few cottages were scattered about near the mills, and, where the lie of the land allowed of it, there were rice-fields.

The valley was long and narrow, and shut in with high hills on each side. The sun was high enough now to beat down on it, and we were thankful to find a little tea-house to rest in before ascending to the pass over the mountains.

The landlady, after she had got over the surprise of seeing such unusual visitors, placed the baby she was nursing under a small green mosquito-curtain—more like a meat-safe than the one I slept under at Funatsu. She next attended to the fire, which is usually in an iron well sunk in the matted floor ; she blew up the charcoal embers through an iron pipe, and hung the kettle on a hook suspended over the fire from the ceiling. She placed two cushions on the edge of the raised floor for us to sit on,

allowing our feet to rest on the pavement outside. A cricket was chirping in a cage little larger than a sardine-tin hung over the entrance, just above our heads.

A young woman was attending to the washing in the garden. I watched her fish a kimono out of a tub and spread it out on some flat boards; then she flattened out all the pleats with her hands, and left the sun to do the rest.

Little lacquer bowls of biscuits and sweetmeats were placed before us, and when the water was boiled we were served with little cups of green tea. This is always taken without milk or sugar, and is not allowed to draw more than a few seconds. You do not ask the price of these refreshments on leaving, but you place on the tray a small sum which the *okosan* acknowledges with a deep reverence and an apology for the lowly fare she has served you. She does not even look at the remuneration till you are off the premises.

We left the valley shortly after our rest, and took a winding path in a fold in the hills to our right. Ubaguchitoge did not appear much of a climb after all; so thought the G.P.F. and I, but a slight smile on the face of our carrier

made me feel less confident. We were on the wrong side of the hill, both for shade and the breeze, and some nice fat clouds had an aggravating way of just missing the sun as they lazily floated across the blue. We got to the top of the first summit, only to find that another and a rather higher one stared us in the face. The young mountaineer who acted as carrier and guide tried to console us by saying that if we stepped out we could get to the top in an hour.

The hour dragged on to one and a half; it seemed an eternity under the scorching sun, and above a bad blister on my heel. The half-hour's halt at the top of the pass, when we finally reached it, made ample amends for our toil. We found a shady place under a rock, an icy cold spring, and we overlooked the grandest panorama which I have seen in Japan. A fertile plain, criss-crossed by the streams which feed the Fujikawa, stretched away to the right and left of us. Kōfu lay on the opposite side, and range upon range of mountains, partly hid by huge cumulus clouds or intensified in colour by the shadows they cast, formed a magnificent background. Kōfu is the centre of the silk trade, and the numerous villages dotted about the

extensive patches of mulberry-bushes bore witness to the importance of the industry.

Our descent into the plain was a steep and a long one. It lies from two to three thousand feet lower than the valley we had left behind us. We were now on the shadier side of the range, and got the benefit of the breeze that blew from the north. We halted at Ubaguchi, the first village we reached on entering the plain; there was no inn, but we were told that we could get some rice at a little general store.

We had exhausted the packet of sandwiches, and were quite ready for the dried fish and boiled rice the store-keeper was able to prepare for us. He also—blessed man!—fished some bottles of Kirin beer out of a well, and handed us two glasses. I pointed out to him that there were three of us, and he explained that he possessed a third glass, but that it was so precious to him that he never produced it unless obliged to do so. He fetched it, however, and I asked the G.P.F. to try and find out why this particular glass should be so much prized, for it was but a common little tumbler.

After clearing a space on the matting of the clogs, straw sandals, and what not else that

littered it, he squatted down, fanned the flies off our dried fish, and told us the following story :

“ While serving in Manchuria during the late war I had brought a wounded Russian into our camp, and I was told off to look after him. I became very fond of my prisoner, who was a peasant, like myself, and I did what I could to relieve him in his sufferings. The poor fellow was too badly hurt to recover, but before he died he asked me to search in his greatcoat for a vodka-glass he had, and, when I found it, he said : ‘ Take this. It is a poor offering to make in return for what you have done, but it is the only thing in this world that I possess.’ You can’t wonder, then, gentlemen, that I value this little tumbler.”

A little girl now came in to buy a farthing’s-worth of oil. With many apologies, the shopman asked if I would condescend to move, and he lifted a little trap-door in the floor where I had been squatting, let down a miniature bucket on a string and brought it up full of oil, that was in an open vat below. He gave the child her measure and took the farthing (one sen). The little girl evidently knew her man, for she looked sideways into her jug, then at the bucket, and

smiled in such an enticing manner that our shopman could not resist pouring in another measure.

He was a jolly-looking fellow, not handsome from our European point of view, but his figure, only hid by a loin-cloth, was one an athlete might be proud of.

I left his little store feeling better pleased with human nature generally. I even thought I felt my blister less, but possibly the Kirin beer may have had something to do with it.

Ubaguchi is a long, straggling village; in nearly every house we saw women weaving silk or winding it from cocoons, which bobbed about in tubs of water. We tramped on for another four or five miles, passing through one or two hamlets, and everything we saw was in some way or another connected with the production of silk.

It began to rain as we reached a village alongside the river we had to cross, and we took shelter in another general store, which was hostel, tea-house, and cake-factory at the same time. We were just in time, for we had hardly sat down to our little cups of tea when the rain came down in torrents. People came running in with dripping straw rain-coats or with large oiled-



A RAINY DAY AT MOTOSU

1914 Tokyo

paper capes. Those who had not the wide-brimmed circular hats carried paper umbrellas. We were soon sitting in a hot, steamy mass of humanity, who seemed to treat the storm as a huge joke.

Our carrier and guide was able to hire a covered cart to take us on to Kōfu; it was to meet us on the farther side of the river, as the wooden bridge was not considered safe, except for foot-passengers.

We were lent paper umbrellas which we could leave on the roadside before getting into the cart. An extra wrap of oiled paper was tied round our traps, and we crossed the rickety and slippery bridge. We were soon jolted along the two or three miles of road which separated us from Kōfu.

CHAPTER XIII

KŌFU

THE Sadokō is a busy commercial hotel in the centre of the long main street of Kōfu. The telephone, the tape with latest quotations, and latest editions of evening papers, were all there, and yet, in outward appearance, the place was as unlike anything European as it is possible to conceive.

Before we took off our boots, the manager slid along the raised and matted floor, and, with two or three jerky bows, informed us that there were two rooms still vacant on the top floor.

A maid placed two cushions on the edge of the platform for us to sit on, while a manservant in the lobby undid our boots and placed them in pigeon-holes made for the purpose. A maid brought sandals for us to put our honourable feet in, but was mildly reproved by the manager for not bringing slippers, as neither of the honourable guests wore *tabi* (digitated socks), for with-

out the latter it is impossible to get a grip on the sandals. With humble apologies, she brought slippers, and, taking me by the hand, she led me up two steep flights of stairs to my room. This was the first purely Japanese house I had seen, which had two stories above the ground floor, and as the stairs are steep and have no banisters, the ascent has to be made with caution. Having reached the top, the *nésan*, as the waitresses are called, closed up some sliding-screens, and two rooms were ready to receive us. Mine was at the corner of a wing of the building commanding a view up and down the street. The passage formed a kind of balcony round two of its sides.

Slippers have to be left in the passage, as even they might soil the matting on the floor. Kimonos were then presented to both of us, the *nésan* remarking that she had found an extra long one for me.

It was as hot here in Kōfu as it had been at Kyōto, so I was glad to get out of my clothes and wear the cool cotton dress. While I stood there, not quite knowing what to do, the *nésan* tried to reach my collar, but told Mr. Tsuda that, as she had not a ladder, she could not reach to unbutton it. When she was assured that I

usually undressed myself, she bowed lowly and took her departure, promising to return as soon as I was ready, so that she could conduct me to the bath.

She seemed very much amused, when she returned, at the way I had put on the kimono. The left side was crossed over the right, as a coat in England would be, and, whether she felt ashamed to be seen with such a queer-looking lodger, or whether it ran counter to her superstitions, I don't know. But she soon had my *obi* off, recrossed the kimono as it should be, and tied me up again, then, taking my towel and soap-box, she led me by the skirt of my garment down the steep stairs and into the bathroom, quite regardless of the two or three men that were drying themselves in a state of nature. I gave her to understand that I could now get on without her assistance, and she went away.

Now, glass is a rarity in a Japanese house; it was therefore passing strange that the door of the bathroom should have been chiefly of that material, especially as it faced the open kitchen, where nearly all the maids congregate. I had read and heard about the indignation there was in Tōkyō when a Paris-trained Japanese artist

exhibited at the annual picture-show a painting of the nude, which would have been thought modest enough in our Royal Academy ; I had also heard how shocked Japanese ladies were when they went to a foreign reception and saw European ladies in low dresses, and in no theatre or professional dancing entertainment is the least immodesty in dress allowed. Remembering all these things, you may imagine my surprise when what I shall now relate occurred.

The men who were drying themselves soon left, and only one remained in the hot bath. I went through the preliminary wash before getting in the hot water, which gave the man time to get out ; I crept slowly into his vacant place, for I had not got accustomed to the intense heat of the water, such as the Japanese like. While I was having this soak, and while the other man was being shampooed by the bathman, three young ladies walked in, one of them carrying a baby. They chatted for a while with the man undergoing the scrubbing, and then dropped off their kimonos and other garments and were all three in a state of nature.

They each took a little wooden pail, and, with a word of apology, filled it with the hot water

in which I was sitting ; then, seating themselves on low wooden stools, they set to work to soap and scrub themselves as a preliminary to getting into the bath itself.

Now, this was all very well and pretty, but what was to happen next ? I must either get out of the bath and make a bolt across the room before I could find shelter behind my towel, or else I should have the three young women and the baby in the bath with me. There was certainly not room for four people and a fraction.

The young mother, having cleared herself and child of soapsuds, now carried her offspring to the hot bath and danced it in the water. I was persuaded that she wanted to get in, but did not like doing so till I got out ; there was nothing, therefore, left for me but to make a dash for my towel at the farther end of the room.

I tried to show as little concern as Adam before the Fall might have shown, and I climbed out of the bath. Hurrying my movements, after stepping down to the floor, I unfortunately trod on a piece of soap, and down I came. Whether there was anything in common between my physical fall and the moral one of our remote

ancestor, I cannot say, but I am sure that Adam did not hurry after fig-leaves any faster than I did after my towel.

I had evidently kept the three ladies long enough out in the cold, for they were all in the hot water I had vacated before I had reached the end of the room. Three heads with those wondrous erections in hair only seen in Japan now appeared to float on the surface of the steamy water. The baby was seated on the floor, placidly playing with its toes, while mamma and its two aunts were enjoying themselves in the bath.

It struck me that mamma and her sisters were almost in pain from suppressed laughter, and that it might have had some connection with Adam's fall. I lingered for a moment outside the door of the bathroom, and the peals of laughter I heard confirmed me in my supposition.

Ladies in England or America who may read this will probably dismiss these three bathers as bold-faced hussies, and it may be difficult to convince them that their hastily-formed judgment is a wrong one. Far from being bold-faced, the Japanese lady is extremely retiring and very

modest in her behaviour towards those of the other sex. She would feel outraged were it proposed that she should go to a public entertainment in the scant garments which a Western lady will assume ; neither would she remain in a theatre where the short skirts and pink tights of the European ballet were tolerated. She would argue that such costumes are immodest because they are worn to attract attention, whereas the bath is a necessity, and indecency only begins when the intention to be indecent is there.

A placid understanding exists in Japan that when people unclothe entirely for the ablutions, or even do so in part on account of the heat, they be considered invisible, and during all the time that I frequented Japanese inns I cannot recall one instance where a word or look showed that this understanding did not hold good.

In more important hotels in the larger centres there are now two separate bathrooms, partly due to pressure from the foreigners, who view the matter from a totally different standpoint, and partly for the convenience of the lady-guests themselves. The latter, where there is but one room, generally take their bath when the men have finished theirs, unless there is some urgent

reason for them to take it earlier. This is because they are accustomed to take a second place in most things.

The extreme heat of the bath has a most exhilarating effect. It is often considered relaxing in England, but that is because it is seldom taken hot enough. Englishmen, who cling to their prejudices perhaps longer than any other people, usually adopt this form of bath after having dwelt some time in Japan.

Dinner is served to each guest in his own room. As I did not care to dine alone in the square bandbox which was allotted to me, I asked the G.P.F. to dine with me. My powers of conversation were also much too limited to be able to answer the questions which the *nésan* would be sure to ask me, and to have her silently watching me working my chopsticks would be liable to get on my nerves. When Mr. Tsuda joined me, the *nésan* attending to his room followed, so that, with three people speaking the language and a fourth who could join in with an interpreter, the meal was much more lively.

After we had finished the curded-bean soup, fish - broth, lotus - roots, bamboo - shoots, and octopus, and laid them to rest under a heavy

covering of boiled rice, we had to settle the question of the *chadai*.

As our stay in Kōfu depended on what I might find to paint, it was difficult to decide what amount this *chadai* should be. *Chadai* is the present the guest makes to the landlord when he has settled down in the hotel of the latter. The scale of charges is little more than covers the expenses, and should a guest not make this money present, his host would be keeping him at very little profit to himself. There is no bar and standing drinks, also no billiard-room, sources from which the British landlord hopes to derive a considerable profit, and as tea is served at all hours, the *chadai*, or tea-money, is expected, though never asked for.

Having decided on the proper amount, consistent with economy and a dislike to being thought mean, I gave it to the *nésan* to take to the landlord. The dinner-things were cleared away, the G.P.F. went to his room, and I laid down on the soft matting to read what Murray had to say about Kōfu, soon forgetting all about the *chadai*.

Presently a lady, whom I had not seen before, appeared at the entrance of my room. She



MOTO-HAKONE

dropped her sandals in the passage, got down on her knees, and after several deep obeisances, slid along the floor, and placed a neatly-done-up parcel before me. A sheet of paper with Chinese characters written on it, which she also presented, did not enlighten me as to the object of her visit. "Wakarimasen,* wakarimasen," was all the Japanese I could think of to say, and I ran to the G.P.F.'s room to get his assistance.

The sheet of paper with the picturesque ideographs was merely a receipt for the *chadai*, and the neatly-done-up parcel contained a couple of towels and two fans, which were, as she explained, the humble offerings she hoped her honourable guests would condescend to accept as a slight return for the munificent *chadai*. I asked my interpreter to give a suitable answer to this speech, and the landlady crawled backwards on her knees till she reached the passage; then one more duck which brought her forehead to the matting, and she disappeared.

Bed was now clearly indicated. The G.P.F. clapped his hands and called out "Toko" to the *nésan* when she arrived; she in her turn called out "Toko" to a young man corresponding to the

* "I don't understand."

boots at an inn at home. A quaint-looking "boots" he was. He had nothing on him but a scant loin-cloth, and when he appeared with the bedding rolled up in a huge bundle on his head, he reminded me of a statuette of Atlas carrying the world. He shot his load on to the middle of the floor, unrolled it, and in a few seconds the bed was made. Having fixed up a huge green mosquito curtain, *toko* was ready for the honourable guest to condescend to sleep in. The young Atlas made a jerky bow (it was only the women who prostrated themselves, I noticed), then, with that quick indrawing of the breath—a polite way of showing your concern for the welfare of the one you address—he bid me "Oyasumi nasai."

Before I turned out the light a man appeared at the entrance and repeated some formula. Having noticed from his movements that he was blind, and not knowing what to answer him, I stood quite still. He held his head forward as if listening, and coming to the conclusion that the room was empty, he moved away. I heard him repeat the same words at the next room, where he got an answer. He then crossed over to the wing of the hotel facing the one I was lodged in, repeating this dreary monologue at each entrance he

passed. On reaching the room exactly opposite to mine, I saw him talking to a young couple who occupied it.

The mystery now increased. The woman sat on her heels and the blind man squatted behind her. He passed his hands over her forehead and drew them back towards himself, repeating this motion a number of times; he then wiped his fingers down each side of her nose, smeared them over her eyelids, played imaginary tunes on her cheeks, thumbed her lips, and polished up her chin. The husband did not seem to mind, for he sat unconcernedly reading a newspaper and smoking his little pipe. I turned out the light, crept under my green curtain, fixed the bolster in the nape of my neck, and tried to go to sleep.

My room now being in darkness made the one opposite appear lighter than ever, and from the way my bed was placed the light was right in my eyes. The performance going on across the narrow yard looked now like an animated picture with the proper stage lighting. Perhaps this was an instance when Japanese women "are seen but not looked at." I tried not to look, and tried to sleep, but while this light shone in my eyes sleep was impossible.

A rattling noise, and a shutter slid half-way across the open end of my room, showed that we were to be boxed in for the night. The young Atlas nipped round the passage, drew some more shutters out of a box fixed to the end of the veranda, and completely shut out the animated picture just as the blind man was performing on the lady's two ears. It dawned on me before I fell asleep that this mysterious proceeding was nothing more than the blind shampooer's daily occupation.

Curious street-cries and the light coming in through the cracks in the shutters awoke me early the next morning. The boots appeared soon after, and with a rattle and a bang sent shutters sliding along the grooves and into the boxes where they remained during the day.

I found my way to Tsuda's room, so as to find out where I could attend to my toilet. There was nothing in my room (when once the bedding was cleared) except a little table eight inches high, and a vase of flowers in the recess. The G.P.F. clapped his hands for the *nésan*, and asked her to take me to the lavatory. She trotted back to my room, collected the various articles I wanted, and, catching hold of the hem of

my garment, led me through passages, down stairs, and through yet more passages, till we reached a long, wide dresser fixed against the wall. "Do you want *mizu* or *oyu*?" she asked, pointing to the brass taps. "Oyu kudasai," I answered, and she filled a brass bowl with hot water.

Her curiosity got the better of her when I got out a safety razor; and when I started lathering my face, she seemed immensely amused, and beckoned to some other waitresses to come and see the operation. When I scraped my cheeks with the razor their hilarity knew no bounds, and it was only by repeated dabs at them with my shaving-brush that I could keep them at a respectful distance.

Other guests then appeared, and took up places on each side of me. Each one fetched a brass bowl from under the dresser, and a second and smaller one from a shelf above. They washed their faces, and dried them with wet towels which they had put in the hot water and rung out. They gargled and washed out their mouths, took a curiously-formed wooden toothbrush out of a basket, and began polishing their teeth. The latter operation is a very long one, and, to make room for others, some would slowly climb up the

stairs and find their way back to their rooms, never ceasing to polish their teeth. I saw some of them again hanging over the rail of the veranda, watching the people in the street below, and continuing to work this wooden toothbrush backwards and forwards in their mouths. Like the chopsticks, the toothbrushes are only used once and then thrown away.

Breakfast is taken in the same way as the dinner. The dishes are much the same, only fewer in number, and it ends, as do the other two daily meals, with rice.

“Rice” is the name given to all three, and they are distinguished as morning rice, midday rice, and evening rice. Until now I had never taken much interest in plain boiled rice as a form of food; it would have appeared to me as wasting an appetite had I ever tried it. I soon began to like it, and daily increased the quantity. I found it very satisfying at the time, but I got very hungry within an hour or two after taking it. These meals without meat, butter, or oil are digestible if *daikon*, the pickled large radish, has been eaten of sparingly, but they very soon make you long for the next one, till you acquire the habit of consuming a large quantity each time.

The lotuses were all and more than I expected. The wide and extensive moat round the walls of the old castle was completely covered with the stately leaves of this plant. We arrived early enough to see the flowers fully open, and I remained to paint them till they closed up beneath the rays of the noonday sun. It was the white variety which filled three-quarters of the moat, while the pink-flowering one was confined to the other quarter.

A grand sight was this grey-green sea of lotus-leaves dotted about with thousands of its classic-shaped flowers. It had not that human interest which gave the pond at Kyōto some of its charm. No little sheds had been erected on the banks in which the holiday-makers could sip their tea and enjoy the flowers; but this vast mass of tropical leafage had a grandeur lacking in the former and more intimate subject. Whether it was intentional or not I cannot say, but the white variety being confined to the longest stretches of the moat helped the suggestion of a green sea in a manner which the pink variety would not have done. The slightest stir in the air would cause an undulation in the leaves, and where it lost itself in the distance the massing

of the white flowers suggested the crests of waves breaking near the shore.

When the leaves had uncurled and the flowers began to close up their petals, the sun had risen sufficiently high to find out the patch of shade where alone it was possible to work.

We had heard of an hotel, at the farther end of the town, which had a garden and lotus-pond, and where a European meal could be obtained if ordered in time. It is situated near the public garden, which I was also anxious to see.

The Bōsen-kaku, as it is called, bears about the same relation to the Sadokō (where we had put up) as a quiet family hotel in a suburb bears to a commercial inn in any busy centre.

Two sides of the building formed an angle overlooking a characteristic Japanese garden, backed up by the larger trees in the public park beyond.

It was a comfort to get out of my tight-fitting European clothes and put on the light cotton kimono with which I was provided. We were promised Western food, as they call it, if we would condescend to wait a half-hour in their humble sitting-room.

The illustration given is the view of the



THE BOZEN KAKU GARDENS

garden as seen from this room, which was a large and spacious one, and capable of being closed up in many little compartments by sliding-screens. We were served an excellently-prepared lunch, and were told that the bath would be heated up early in the afternoon.

We could not have found a more delightful place in which to spend the heat of the day, and we had the beautiful public gardens in which to stroll about and paint towards evening. We came here during most of the days we spent in Kōfu.

The landlord was about to pick the lotus-flowers in his pond, for we were on the eve of a Buddhist festival, when bunches of these blooms are placed before the ancestral tablets and on the altars in the temples. He desisted from gathering any which came into my subject to oblige me, and I think he was pleased that his garden should figure later on in a book on Japan.

The public park, where I found another subject for the book on Japanese gardens, was formerly the grounds of the large temple which overlooks it. It is beautifully laid out, and from many points of view it arranges itself into a well-composed picture. It is much frequented by the townspeople during the cool hours of the

day. Stone bridges, bronze and stone lanterns, and pretty little shrines, seem everywhere placed to enhance the pictorial effort. Small thatched tea-houses project over the margin of the lake, and are partly hidden by dense evergreen oaks. A geisha girl will here play the *samisen* to a group of listeners, while others will amuse themselves feeding the wild-fowl and the golden carp.

I should have liked to have tarried on in Kōfu during the remainder of the summer. The public garden alone would have supplied me with sufficient subjects. But Hakone and Nikkō called me, as it was necessary to do my painting in these high-lying districts before the cold weather set in.

CHAPTER XIV

JOURNEY TO HAKONE

WE returned to Shōji by way of Uziki, a station on the railway to Tōkyō. Here a better-served tram-line took us to within easy reach of the lakes, and we were then able to get back to the Higuchi Hotel in the same manner in which we had gone there originally. It was a roundabout way, and necessitated our spending a night at a little upland inn, but the weather did not promise an agreeable tramp back across the mountains.

We left Mrs. Higuchi's comfortable hotel a few days later for Hakone. Our landlady was the widow of an Englishman who had built this hotel, a few years previously, as a resort for foreigners living at Tōkyō, and in the settlements at Yokohama and Kōbe. To enable him to own land in Japan, he had taken out papers of naturalization, and adopted the name of his wife. Left a widow with six little children, this

poor woman had nothing to depend on but a heavily-mortgaged hotel, eighteen miles from the nearest town where provisions could be obtained, or any of the other necessities required by Europeans. By attending to every detail herself, she had not only been able to keep her establishment together, but she is gradually clearing off the heavy mortgage on the place.

From point to point Shōji is not more than thirty miles from Hakone Lake, but go by whatever route you may choose, it cannot be done in less than two long days.

We decided to avoid the lakes and tramp to Yoshida, where we could take the primitive tramway down to Gotemba. We engaged a horse to carry our luggage, and its owner to show us the way.

For the first five or six miles we followed a track through the forest which clothes the northern base of Fujiyama ; the landscape then opened up a little, and we occasionally got a good view of the great mountain. At Narusawa, a village about half-way to Yoshida, we took our rest.

The little High Street was similar in character to that of most other villages in this part of

Japan, but the detached houses were singular in that each one was surrounded with clipped yew hedges, which often were as high as the ridge of the thatched roof. This is done to shelter the houses from the cold north-west winds to which this situation is exposed.

We saw more signs of cultivation during the remainder of our walk, and occasionally we passed a flight of steps which led up to a rustic shrine.

We reached Yoshida in time to catch the tram, and we ran down to Gotemba in less than half the time the uphill journey had taken us. For five miles or more our car ran down the hill of its own accord, the horses galloping behind to be used when we reached more level ground. We left the rails less often than on our upward ride, which was fortunate, for at the speed at which we sometimes went a derailment might have been a very serious affair.

We reached Gotemba soon after dark, and put up at a ramshackle inn where pilgrims spend the night before starting the ascent of Fuji. It was very crowded, but as all the guests would be rising at daybreak the next day, it was not late when all sounds died down.

Many thousands of pilgrims ascend Fuji annually, both from Yoshida and from Gotemba. It was well worth while to rise at daybreak to see them start. They were all dressed in white cotton kimonos, and wore large straw hats with sloping brims. Some had straw rain-coats rolled and slung on their backs, and others had oiled-paper capes. A staff, a gourd to carry the water, and an extra pair of straw sandals, appeared to be the only other necessities for the climb of nearly twelve thousand feet.

I saw no provision against the cold, and it has often struck me how well the Japanese can stand the cold weather, and how much they seem to feel the heat in summer.

Our inn, as well as the others, was profusely decorated with flags and wooden boards inscribed with the names of the various pilgrim associations who had used it.

The brass band and the stimulating drinks which seem a necessity in any outing in Europe are absent here, not on account of the devotional object in view, but because the Japanese do not feel the want of such aids to cheer them up. Should the weather be propitious, this so-called pilgrimage would probably be the most enjoyable

holiday which any of these men could look back on. I saw no women in this party, though I have seen plenty of both women and children at other places which could be reached with less physical exertion.

We took an early train at Gotemba to Kōsu, both of which stations are on the Tōkaidō Railway. This line takes its name from the celebrated road which connects Kyōto with Tōkyō, the older capital with the new.

It was along this road that the Daimyōs and their retinues of Samurai used to travel when they went from the Emperor's Court at Kyōto to that of the Shōgun at Yedo, as the present capital was then called. It was a serious business, lasting twelve days or more. Hirochigé has familiarized us with many of the picturesque incidents of these journeys in his beautiful series of colour-prints, known as the Fifty-five Stages of the Tōkaidō.

An hour's run took us to Kōzu, a town prettily situated on the shore of Odawara Bay. An electric tramway, as up-to-date as any near London, runs from here along the shore to Odawara, and then for four or five miles it rises inland till it reaches Yumoto.

We had to engage porters at the latter place to carry our luggage over the Hata Pass to the village of Moto Hakone, which was our destination. It is a beautiful walk of seven or eight miles with a rise of two thousand feet. We rested at Hata, the village which gives its name to the pass.

I should have been content to have spent the remainder of the summer in this picturesque place had it not been necessary for me to do the well-known localities in Japan. The little inn where we halted looked on to a little garden at the back, which was not much larger than a billiard-table ; it was so ingeniously planned that it would have been possible to paint a large landscape from it. A cascade splashed amongst moss-covered rocks ; miniature trees grew in the twisted and distorted way often seen in the wildest mountain passes, and the stones had the water-worn surfaces of the boulders they represented. No flowers were placed where in a natural scene they could not have grown, and which would probably have made a jarring note of colour. The greys and greens were all sufficient to make the garden a cool spot to look on in the summer, and when the chill autumn



A MOUNTAIN HAMLET

would follow a few maples would give the picture some warm dashes of colour.

No professional landscape gardener had designed it. The natural taste of the peasant proprietor of the little inn had sufficed to evolve it during the years he had been there.

It is a steep climb from Hata to the top of the pass, and over a rough, stony path. It is in the shade, and commands now and again a beautiful view across the bed of the stream which flows from Hakone Lake down to the sea.

We reached our inn at Moto Hakone just as the sun was setting behind Fuji, whose summit is visible at the farther end of the lake.

CHAPTER XV

HAKONE

THE whole of the district in which we had been all day is Hakone, properly speaking. The name is generally used by foreigners to denote the two villages which lie a mile apart at the south-east end of Hakone Lake. The one we decided to stay in is known as Moto Hakone, to distinguish it from its larger neighbour.

The Matsuzaka Hotel, situated on the edge of the water, is the only one commanding a view of Fujiyama. Half of it is Japanese, and half is built and arranged to accommodate foreigners. I got a room overlooking the lake, with a good light for painting, in case inclement weather made outdoor work impossible.

Frequent wet weather is the disadvantage of staying in this beautiful district. It rained about four days out of five ; not the prolonged drizzle so frequent in Scotland, but heavy downpours

with sunny intervals and often grand cloud-effects.

A more popular resort than Moto Hakone is Miyanoshita, seven miles distant, and a thousand feet lower down. It is also easier to reach from Yokohama.

Miyanoshita is, of all places in Japan, the one which the tourist recalls with most pleasure. The scenery is no better, if as good, as that of hundreds of places one could name, nor has it an exceptional number of objects of interest in its immediate neighbourhood. It has, however, a well-managed European hotel, and it must be that the good food and other creature-comforts found there outweigh the greater interest and more artistic surroundings of many other localities. The rainfall is also less than nearer the lake ; but, in spite of these advantages, I would advise any artist who wishes to make the most of his time to give the preference to Hakone.

I confess to a certain disappointment in the view of Fuji obtained from the Matsuzaka Hotel. It is pretty, when not blotted out by the mist, but it is not grand. Its cone-shaped summit is dwarfed by the hills much nearer, and they are poor in outline and seldom fine in colour.

Setting the view of Fuji aside, an artist would be hard to please if he did not find ample work for his brush here.

To the pure landscape-painter the varying effects seen during showery weather are compensation for the inconvenience the rain may put him to. The numerous tea-sheds, which are run up wherever a beautiful view may be an inducement to the pedestrian to rest, furnish good shelters from which sketches can be made.

The abundance of wild-flowers in the lanes and on the hill-sides would be absent after a long spell of dry weather, and, further, when the sun shone down on all alike from a cloudless sky, the scenery had a tameness compared to what it is during more variable weather.

There are evidences that Moto Hakone and its neighbour, Hakone proper, had seen better days. The massive stone lanterns and fine *torii*, the broken balustrades and flights of stone steps, now leading to nowhere, or maybe to a dilapidated shrine, tell of the times when a powerful Shōgun held his summer Court here.

The historic Tōkaidō road passes through the two villages, and the giant cryptomerias which shadow it have witnessed many a picturesque

scene, when the Daimyōs from the western provinces and their splendid retinues passed here to do homage to their chief at Yedo.

We first hear of Hakone in the history of this country when Yoritomo, the founder of the Shōgunate, built a summer residence near the lake. This was during the latter half of the twelfth century. The exact spot I could never ascertain, and the only monuments now standing which tell of those bristling times are the tombs of the Soga Brethren and that of Tora Gozen, the mistress of one of them.

The story of their undoing is still told by the professional raconteur; it is often represented on the stage; and I have seen gruesome presentments in wax of their tragic fate. They rank as heroes in the popular imagination, only second to the forty-seven Ronins, of whom we may speak later on. It is strange how these stories of blood-thirsty vendetta fascinate so gentle a people.

A certain Kudō Suketsune, a courtier of the Shōgun, had killed the father of Jūrō and Gorō Soga, for what reason we are not told. To have lived while their father's death was unavenged would have been a disgrace to the sons. They tracked the murderer to the Shōgun's hunting-

camp, and attempted to cut him down in the presence of the *Generalissimo* himself. Jūrō was killed by one of Suketsune's retainers, and Gorō was overpowered before he could wreak his vengeance. Yoritomo, incensed at the attempt on the life of one of his favourites, ordered Gorō's head to be hacked off with a blunt sword.

Some say that the fair Tora Gozen killed herself at the grave of her lover, and others say that she became a nun, and was buried at her death next to the tombs of the brothers.

Travellers on the road from Miyanoshita to Hakone to this day place a stone on these monuments as a mark of respect to the heroes who sacrificed their lives to avenge their father, and some of the gentler sex will lay one on Tora's resting-place, remembering of this courtesan only her constancy to the one she loved.

The images of a popular god and the tombs of heroes are often almost obliterated by the piles of stones which the country-folk place on them. I have never heard any satisfactory explanation of how the custom originated. Might it be a survival of the cairn which primitive people raised to honour their dead ?

In towns, where loose stones are less easily

picked up, visiting-cards are often left on the tombs, a practice I would recommend to those lunatics who only see in a monument a suitable place on which to scratch their names.

A short distance from the Soga tombs are the Ni-jū-go Bosatsu—that is, the Twenty-five Bosatsu—carved in high relief on a projecting piece of andesyte rock. They are attributed to Kobo Daishi, who lived in the latter part of the eighth and the beginning of the ninth centuries.

A Bosatsu is one of a large class of saints who has not yet attained to Buddhahood, and the “Twenty-five” so often represented in art are those especially sent by Buddha to watch over his followers.

Kobo Daishi was not only the foremost of Japanese Buddhist saints, but is famous also as a sculptor, a writer, and a traveller. Professor Chamberlain remarks that “had his life lasted six hundred years instead of sixty, he could hardly have graven all the images, scaled all the mountain-peaks, confounded all the sceptics, wrought all the miracles, and performed all the other feats with which he is popularly credited.” But as the legend tells us that he graved these twenty-five images in one night, his output could easily have

been a large one. Three of the figures are unfinished, and the country-folk have it that day-break arrived before they were completed. Why this artist should have elected to work only in the dark is not explained.

Not many yards from here is one of Japan's greatest works in sculptural art. It is a colossal figure of Rokudō no Jisō.

The god is hewn out of the solid andesite rock. He is represented as a shaven priest, sitting cross-legged on a lotus-flower and holding a jewel in his left hand. The staff with metal rings, which he should be holding in his right hand, is gone, but with this exception the figure is nearly as perfect as when it was first wrought. Almost needless to say that it is attributed to Kobo Daishi, and it is also said that it was cut in one single night. Whoever the author may have been, he was an artist endued with a fine sense of proportion and with an appreciation of quiet dignity, without which no great work of plastic art has ever been achieved.

The shrubs concealing the image from the high road made it a peaceable place in which to do my work. I could hear tourists to or from the Miyanoshita Hotel pass along the high road with-



ROKUDO-NO-HIZŌ

out stopping to see the Jisō. I heard a guide trying to persuade one party to stop. This answer, in transatlantic English—"I guess we've seen idols enough to laahst us a lifetime"—settled the matter.

I have asked Buddhists as well as Shintoists whether Jisō is a deity of the former or latter religion, and each seemed to claim him—to such an extent have the two creeds been fused together.

Professor Chamberlain describes him as "the compassionate Buddhist helper of those who are in trouble." He is the patron of travellers, of pregnant women, and of children. We may take it, then, that Buddhism introduced him into Japan. To call him a god is misleading, for Buddha himself was an agnostic, and to term him an abstract idea of mercy and kindliness deified seems hardly comprehensible to a Western mind. It is a curious coincidence that the name of this compassionate deity should be so similar to that of our Lord.

Wild hydrangeas grew in profusion near the image, the white and pale-blue flowers contrasting beautifully with the dark-blue spikes of monk's-hood, just discernible in the shade of the bushes.

Country-folk came now and again to pay their respects to the Jisō, and would often place a stone in his lap or on the pedestal. He would probably have been partly hidden by these humble tokens of regard were it not for the photographic artist who tumbled them off again before taking his snapshot. This was fortunate for me, since it would not have been worth while tramping up this hill to paint a heap of stones, charming as the sentiment might be.

A couple of miles from here, on the road to Miyanoshita, lies the village of Ashinoyu, which is famous for its sulphur-springs. Many Japanese suffering from rheumatism and skin diseases come here for a cure.

I had been told of a pretty garden in the village, so had occasion to go there several times. The principal hotel is owned by the proprietor of the Hakone one, and he kindly allowed us to take our midday meal there.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of two American lady artists at Hakone, one of whom is an authority on Japanese gardens and on the flora of the Far East. Her husband, Captain Basil Taylor, R.N., is the harbour-master at Hong-Kong, and they and their three charm-

ing little children often spend a part of the summer in Japan. Our meeting was singularly fortunate, for Mrs. Basil Taylor is to write the book on Japanese gardens which my drawings are to illustrate.

When writer and illustrator are not the same person, it is well that they should have gone over the same ground together, and be able to avoid some of the misfits which occasionally arise between the coloured illustration and the text.

The second lady was Miss Crauford, an artist of considerable talent, who had been painting in Japan for some time.

We spent several very pleasant days at Ashinoyu, making studies of the typical Japanese garden there.

As I should be poaching on Mrs. Basil Taylor's ground, I shall not attempt to describe its beauty ; its ugly side, which I may perhaps mention, was the smell of sulphur which hangs over the whole village.

The Matsuzaka Hotel would be a pleasant one barring the smell of the sulphur. It has some Europeanized rooms, and Western cooking is provided for the foreigners who wish to put up there.

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Miss Crauford and I were glad to get back to Japanese food when we took our luncheon. It is wonderful how the Japanese cooks have learnt to prepare food to suit the taste of the foreigners, but they naturally know how to prepare their native dishes very much better. In a land where mutton does not exist, and where most people fight shy of pork, there must of a necessity be a sameness in the Western menu, and a native meal now and again makes a very welcome change.

The hot sulphur baths are, of course, the *raison d'être* of this and the other hotels at Ashinoyu, for the place itself has neither the attractions of Miyanoshita nor of Hakone. The Japanese bather wants few inducements to go out. He will spend most of the day in the hot water, and I have heard of cases where an entire month has been spent in the bath, the patient being so arranged that he can sleep in it without danger of drowning.

Hot springs abound in these volcanic islands, and the country people living near use them continually in cold weather to keep themselves warm. The notion held in Europe that chills would result from the violent change of tempera-

ture is not borne out in fact. I have myself often, during the winter months, come in numbed with cold, and found that after a long soak in a hot bath I have kept warm the whole evening, though there were no other means of heating the room than the small charcoal braziers. The Japanese usually take a bath before the evening meal, and they hold that it gives them an appetite.

CHAPTER XVI

HAKONE (*continued*)

WHEREVER I have met people residing in a country foreign to their own, I have noticed that a favourite topic of conversation is finding fault with the people amongst whom they are living. Japan is no exception to this rule.

A lady resident, who would certainly not be considered a silly woman, was abusing the country people to me one day, and ended her tirade by saying they were dirty. I answered that I wished they were all as clean in my own country, and I suggested that perhaps in hers the daily bath was not universal. Her answer was even more surprising than her original statement. "It is not because they want to be clean that they bathe so often ; it is because they like the sensation of the hot water." She might as well have said that a man was not fed because he enjoyed the sensation of eating. Had she witnessed the soaping and scrubbing that takes place after the

soak in the hot water, it might have dawned on the good lady that they also liked to be clean.

That the resident has some grievances is certain, and that a prejudice against the people who cause the grievance should follow is perhaps natural. But it does not justify the wholesale abuse often heard in the European settlements.

Having heard, in one of the foreign hotels where I stayed, that I was about to write on Japan, several of the guests thought it only right that I should hear the "true" state of the case. I heard remarks about people who stayed a fortnight in the country and wrote about it as if they knew all about the Japanese. Also, that tourists only saw the pleasant side of their character, but, had they resided amongst them and done business with them, they would tell a very different tale when they wrote their impressions. A great deal was said about dishonest trading, infringement of patents, and breaches of contract.

I asked if such things were unknown in the various countries from which these guests hailed. "Certainly," they said; "but there is this difference—that in our country the law does not uphold the wrongdoer." I asked an American if he would consider it an infringement of patent if

a book, written and published by an Englishman, were copied word by word and sold in America without making any compensation to the author. "Why, certainly," he said. I informed him, to his surprise, that this was done, and that (unless the law had been recently altered) there was no legal redress to be obtained. I quoted Ruskin's works, which were published at a high price in England, and could be bought for a dollar or less in the States; I also told some Teutons that the works of Ebers were pirated in Holland, where they were obtainable for a fraction of the published price in Germany. "If the books can't be patented in those two countries, it can't be called an infringement of patent." "That is true enough," I had to admit, "but more shame to those countries which withhold the copyright." "Here they would pirate books if they thought they could make anything by it," was said, "and they pirate everything else where there is a chance of making a few yen." "Have you heard of the Black and White whisky case?" I admitted that I had not, and that I was glad to hear a definite case stated.

Now this is the account they gave me, and as they were all merchants who have been trading

in Japan for some years, I had every reason to believe that their account of this well-known case would be a true one

The firm of James Buchanan had patented in Tōkyō their brand of whisky, and when it was seen that it was obtaining a considerable sale, a Japanese set up a still and turned out a spirit which his countryman might mistake for the genuine article. He labelled his bottles “Black and White—House of Commons,” in exactly the same lettering as in the original, and signed his name in European cursive handwriting, in such a way that by a native it might be mistaken for the name of the Scottish firm.

Not having a heavy duty to pay on his home-made article, the distiller was able to sell it at a much lower price, and, unfortunately, it sold rapidly. Messrs. James Buchanan took proceedings to prohibit the sale, and lost their case in every law-court into which it was brought, and my informants added that the Judges in every way favoured their compatriot.

Getting no redress in the courts, it was made a matter of diplomatic intervention, and only then was the culprit prohibited from selling his spurious goods.

It so happened that a bottle of Reading sauce was on the table, and on the label I noticed that the names were given of several persons who had been penalized for having infringed the patent. I pointed this out to my friends; they admitted that these acts were committed in every country; but this very label showed that redress had been obtained, whereas here the offender had been encouraged rather than restrained by the Judges before whom his case was tried.

This was a very serious charge to make, and at the time I had no grounds for not accepting it.

Some months later I was fortunate enough to become acquainted with an Englishman who of all others was most likely to know the exact truth of the case.

I told him the account I had heard, as I was anxious to know if he could bear it out. I may mention that this gentleman is a patent agent, and that his firm was interested in this as well as in any other foreign patents taken out in Japan.

Now for his version: "The imitation of the label was as clever a fraud as it was possible to make. It was true, also, that Messrs. Buchanan lost their case in the law-courts; but it was not



HAKONE LAKE

true that the Judges were unfair, for the law as it stands would not allow of any other verdict.

“What we know as common law does not obtain in Japan, and according to the statute law they could not prevent the use of the fraudulent label, as it was not an exact copy. The signature, though intending to deceive, was not that of James Buchanan. To get over this rigid adherence to the letter of the law, the State has empowered the Patent Office to try these cases by a board which it may nominate, and therefore it was not necessary to try the case in the law-courts. It was this board which finally settled the matter, and gave Buchanan's the redress they sought. Diplomatic intervention had nothing to do with it.”

Now see how these two versions differ. Had one been given me by a Japanese and the other by an alien I should have been prepared for a slight difference, but both parties being aliens, and both being keenly interested in the case, it is surprising how dissimilar the two versions are.

My new acquaintance assured me that a patent taken out in Japan was as good a protection as in any other country.

I mentioned a case which affected me in a

small way, and was amused to hear his account of it.

I had run out of some colours, and was obliged to get what I could in Tōkyō. I had been warned that, if I bought Winsor and Newton's colours in the tubes marked exactly the same as I knew them to be in England, I should be getting a spurious article, and that I should insist on getting tubes stamped in a slightly different way. In short, I was to ask for the very thing that I should naturally avoid had I not been warned.

I got what I wanted, but was not able to follow the involved story which I was told by the shopman, and never felt quite sure that the colours I had to use were those of the makers whose names were stamped on the tubes.

My mind was, however, set at ease by the gentleman connected with the patents.

Messrs. Winsor and Newton had done as many other firms do, and that is, to see first how their goods sell in Japan before incurring the slight expense of getting them patented—a matter of £6 or £7.

The colours had a very good sale, and a Japanese set to work to imitate them. He went

to the Patent Office to see if the English firm had protected itself, and found, to his delight, that they had not done so. He thereupon got an exact copy made of the tubes, and sold his colours enclosed in them. He made a lot of money, as there is a great demand for English water-colours, and it was some time before the fraud leaked out.

Winsor and Newton then instructed their agents to get their colours patented, and were much surprised that they could not do so, as the Japanese colourman had forestalled them. The firm is now obliged to sell its colours in a differently stamped tube, made especially for Japan, and now patented in that country.

Now is this not a case of "penny wise and pound foolish"? The expense of sending an agent to Japan to push their goods must be considerable, and to risk injuring their trade by saving a matter of a few pounds to protect these goods seems incredible.

Was this not inviting dishonesty? And in what country would this not be done if the trader took so little precaution to protect himself?

The argument is often heard that the Japanese merchant is lacking in integrity, because, until quite recently, all trade was looked down on;

that the trading class was placed lower in the social scale than that of the peasant; and that trade on a large scale has so recently developed that there has not been time to acquire the moral integrity found in old-established firms in Europe.

Now, if this be true, should it not naturally follow that the class from which these traders sprang would be a dishonest class? One cannot spend the best part of a year in any country without having some dealings with the people, and in my case the little business transactions I had were chiefly with this class. My experience was that they dealt with me quite as honestly as in any country in Europe. In their dealings amongst themselves the Japanese set most Europeans a good example.

The implicit trust they have in each other in far-away country districts is illustrated by the following story:

An acquaintance was making a long walking tour through a little-frequented part of the country, and wore, as all Japanese do when on the tramp, straw sandals. These wear out in a day or so, and a new pair is obtainable in every hamlet for about a penny. The villages

were few and far between where this traveller was wending his way, and it became more than likely that his *waraji* would give out before he could buy a new pair.

An enterprising native had foreseen this likelihood, and he fixed a bamboo pole in the ground on the side of a lane frequented by pilgrims at a certain time of the year. To the pole he attached a large bundle of straw sandals, and a notice to travellers that, should they wish to buy a pair, they were requested to take one and place four sen in the slit in the bamboo which served as a money-box.

Anyone could have walked off with both *waraji* and money-box, but the little trader knew his people well enough to be able to take the risk.

Most of the foreign business men I met admitted that the country-folk were not so bad, but that they could not trust most of those who had large dealings with Occidentals.

Some time before I left home for Japan, I read an article in a leading London paper in which the writer stated that the commercial classes in Japan could trust each other so little that every bank in the country employed a Chinaman as a cashier. I remembered the gist of that article

so well that I felt a prejudice against the Japanese of which I could not free myself for some time.

I had occasion to go to several different banks, and I looked out each time for a pig-tailed cashier. Failing ever to see one, I made inquiries as to how long the Chinamen had been replaced by Japanese, and I discovered that these Celestials had never existed except in the imagination of the writer of the newspaper article.

The only possible foundation for so gross a libel on a people whom we have made our allies is that in some of the foreign banks in the settlements a Chinese comprador is engaged to attend to the Chinese correspondence.

I had heard the Japanese trader ill spoken of in Hong-Kong, in Shanghai, and at Kōbe, where I first landed, and in every case by men engaged in business themselves, whom I considered qualified to give an opinion. I was much relieved afterwards to hear from others, who resided in the country for purposes other than trade, that these reports were very much exaggerated. A British Consul, who knew the country well, said that, considering the short while commerce on a large scale had been carried on, it was wonderful how well business was conducted.

I made the friendship of M. Odin, a cultured Frenchman, long resident in Kyōto, and, as he was in no manner connected with trade, I was anxious to hear his views.

“Is it not natural,” he said, “that the foreigner, who hitherto has had all the export and import trade in his own hands, should feel sore when he sees it gradually slipping away from him, owing to the competition of the native trader? Is it to be supposed that a nation which has risen to a first-rate Power should not strive to do its own exporting and importing? The Japanese are becoming formidable competitors in both trades, and it is hardly from their rivals that you should expect an unbiassed opinion.”

The foreign houses are not making the money that they formerly made, and many little vexations which exist in the foreign settlements cause more irritation now than when the trade of these houses was more prosperous.

There is little doubt that the foreigner in Yokohama pays a higher price for the necessaries of life than does the native resident, and the globe-trotter is charged more for the curios he buys than the foreign resident would be, who has

been long enough in the country to have acquired some of the language. In most countries competition would equalize the prices to a certain extent. But competition between two of a trade hardly exists in Japan. Most of the articles consumed by the foreigners are not wanted by the Japanese. The butcher, the baker, and the dairyman only existed for the use of the foreigner until quite recently, and even now their goods are little in request with their compatriots.

The tradesmen are loyal to each other, and if they decide that the alien should pay a certain price, it is useless for that alien to try and play off one against the other. In towns where few foreigners reside this kind of boycott does not obtain, except at a few of the places of amusement patronized by the tourists. The excuse is that the tourist gives more trouble, that he will not content himself by squatting on the floor, and will not take off his boots, and has to be supplied with coverings for his feet in order not to dirty the mats. Those who give extra trouble should be prepared to pay something extra.

This reasoning does not always hold good, as the following will show :

A Frenchman at Kyōto asked me to dine with him at his hotel to meet a well-known Japanese architect. After a pleasant dinner our Japanese friend proposed that we should go to the play, and nothing loath, we all three went to the principal theatre. We took off our boots and squatted on the matting just the same as did any of the other spectators.

An official came and demanded double the price of admission for the Frenchman and myself, though we had in every way conformed to the usages of the country. The architect refused to pay this; we were his guests, and it was he who had taken the three tickets, and, being a Japanese, he was not going to pay more than the Japanese price. The theatre official argued that the nationality of the purchaser had nothing to do with it, and that it was the nationality of the user which made the difference. Our friend answered that the advertised price was all he would get, and that if he made any more fuss about it a policeman would be sent for. This settled the matter.

The argument was carried on in such a quiet manner that, for all I knew at the time, they

might have been inquiring about the health of each other's relations.

At theatres and shows, which are not the usual "sights" tourists are recommended to do, such extortion does not take place.

A small matter like this does a good deal of harm to the reputation of the Japanese, and I feel sure that if it were represented to the proper authorities it would be stopped.

I have dealt rather lengthily on the aspersions often cast on the commercial morality of the Japanese, firstly because it is a subject one hears about *ad nauseam* in the Far East, and secondly because the exaggerated charges often made are liable to give a very wrong impression of the character of this very lovable people.

Where they are least attractive is where they have come most under European influence.

Let us now return to the gods so many of the commercial Japanese are said to have forsaken.

At the south of the long, straggling street, which follows the sweep of the lower end of the lake, and which is known as Moto Hakone, you will find an avenue leading to some stone steps, suggesting a shrine beyond. A Buddhist temple



THE BRONZE JIZŌ AT HAKONE.

of some importance stood formerly where the modest dwelling of a priest now stands.

It is at the entrance to this avenue where our interest now lies. A beautiful bronze figure of Jisō is to the right of it, and a strange row of small stone Buddhas is on the left-hand side.

The image of the merciful god and the friend of little children is the pride of the villagers, and they regard it much the same as the Brittany peasants regard their parish *Calvaire*.

It is a fine work of art. 'This is said in fear and trembling, lest the mania for housing in museums works which were intended to be seen out of doors may spread in Japan as in other countries ; and were this image removed from its present surroundings, it would lose most of its charm. The oxidation has given the metal a beautiful colour, which relieves it from the sombre green of the cryptomerias, making a perfect harmony. A bunch of flowers, a lantern, or some other thank-offering is oftentimes placed at the base ; and should this positive note of colour be absent, we find it in the garments of the little children who play near the Jisō, as if instinctively they felt his protecting care.

May this image always remain where it now

is! It faces the Tōkaidō Road, Japan's most historic highway; and the innate sense of the beautiful, with which all Japanese are endowed, will be as great a protection as the walls of a museum.

It presumably belongs to the sect of Buddhists who ministered in the temple which stood near here. Whether (now that Buddhism is disestablished) this sect has not the means to affect the necessary repairs I cannot say, but the beauty of the image is very much spoilt through one of the legs and a part of the drapery having been broken off. Partially to support the statue, and also to secure the detached piece of bronze from being carried off, the latter has been wedged under the sitting figure in such a manner that the foot sticks up in the air, and has a very undignified appearance.

The young priest who lives in the little house which partly appears in the illustration took an interest in my drawing, and this emboldened me to ask him if I might be allowed to place the leg temporarily in position, so as to enable me to draw the image as it should be. He consented, and Mr. Tsuda and I tried to lift the image sufficiently to disengage the leg. It

was much too heavy, but as it was then about midday, some of the villagers were returning from their work, and I got the assistance of half a dozen willing hands.

It was a more serious business than I anticipated, for we had to lift the image bodily up before we could disengage the broken member ; props were necessary to prevent the Jisō from falling forward when the bronze fragment was removed from under him ; and when, finally, the leg was placed in its natural position, half the village had turned out to see what was the matter.

As ill-luck would have it, it now began to rain ; not sufficiently to drive away the crowd, but enough to make my work very difficult. A paper umbrella was borrowed from the nearest cottage, and under this I painted the leg. My spectators were all agreed that their Jisō should be seen to the best advantage in his picture, which would be shown in foreign parts.

It rained all the afternoon, and a stormy evening followed. A horrible fear got hold of me that some of the supports would give way, and that the image would fall over. We had had severe earthquake shocks two or three weeks

previously, and, should we have another, the Jisō would surely be shaken off its pedestal and get hopelessly broken. I ran round early the next morning to see that nothing untoward had happened, and I found that the same fears had been entertained by others as well as myself; for someone had had it safely replaced, as it was when first I saw it.

I made some further studies of gardens, and tried to get a satisfactory drawing of Fuji from the lake. I saw many other subjects that I wished to paint, but could defer my visit to Nikkō no longer.

CHAPTER XVII

NIKKŌ

WE had to descend to Kōsu by the same route we took when we left the Tōkaidō Railway on our way to Hakone. I decided to spend a couple of days at Tōkyō, which we had to take on our way to Nikkō.

My first impressions of the new capital were not as agreeable as those I had on my first arrival in the old. There is a restfulness about Kyōto which Tōkyō lacks. The former is suggestive of Japan under the old régime, while the latter savours of a new Japan still in the making. It has an unfinished look, and the new and the old do not yet hit it off. During a prolonged stay, after my visit to Nikkō, I found so much of interest in and about Tōkyō that my liking for the place increased considerably.

Let us proceed to Nikkō now, and we can refer again to Tōkyō in another chapter.

The journey is a simple one, an up-to-date

train taking its passengers from the Ueno Station to Nikkō itself in four or five hours.

Travellers in Japan owe a great deal of their pleasure to the excellent guide Murray has published.

This country has had a number of singularly gifted English and American writers to describe its beauties, to translate its folklore, and also to write its history. The Japanese Government has secured the assistance of many eminent scientists, whose works have been published in our language. French and German men of letters have also added a great deal to the literature of Japan in the languages of their respective countries.

From this galaxy of *literati*, Messrs. John Murray got Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain to do the descriptive writing in the "Handbook on Japan," and they also secured the services of Mr. W. B. Mason, who knows more of the geography of the country than anyone else.

The Nikkō express is up-to-date in everything except speed ; it gives the traveller plenty of time to consult his Murray, and the beautiful things Murray tells him to expect make him impatient to get to his destination.

Turning to Route 16, he will find a Japanese proverb says, "Do not use the word 'magnificent' till you have seen Nikkō":

Nikkō wo minai uchi wa,
'Kekko' to iu na!

"Nikkō's is a double glory—a glory of nature and a glory of art. Mountains, cascades, monumental forest-trees, had always stood there. To these, in the seventeenth century, were added the mausolea of the illustrious Shōgun Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa Dynasty, and of his scarcely less famous grandson, Iemitsu. Japanese wood-carving and painting on wood being then at their zenith, the result was the most perfect assemblage of shrines in the whole land. But though there is gorgeousness, there is no gaudiness. That sobriety which is the key-note of Japanese taste gives to all the elaborate designs and bright colours its own chaste character."

In addition to this promise of beautiful art and glorious Nature, I had met no one, during the five months I had already spent in Japan, who did not ask me what I thought of Nikkō or who would not exclaim, "Is not Nikkō a marvel?" or something similar.

I had more than once taken two days to get

over a distance of fifty miles, and now I felt irritated that the train should take five hours to do a ninety-mile journey, which would prevent our seeing the temples that day. We English have the reputation of being a phlegmatic nation, and we rather pride ourselves in being able to suppress our feelings; we are, however, children in this respect compared to the Japanese. My interpreter, Mr. Tsuda, had never seen Nikkō, and Nikkō is the Mecca of Japan. A long stop at a small station where no one got out or got in would never evoke a sign of impatience from him or from any of his fellow-countrymen. Had some accident delayed us a whole day, a few quiet questions might have been asked; no other signs of irritation would have been apparent. I am used myself to take things much as I find them, and, had I been in some ramshackle diligence, and been obliged to pass the night wherever the crazy old thing happened to break down, I should have felt less impatient than in this up-to-date train. It looked so European that I felt its being called an express was an untimely bit of sarcasm.

The cries of "Bentō ! Bentō !" are as familiar at Japanese railway-stations as "Morning paper !"



THE SHRINE OF IEMITSU

is to us at home. *Bentō* is not a thing to read on a journey, but one to inwardly digest, if pickled radish and bamboo-shoots are eaten in moderation. Mr. Tsuda procured two lots, a bottle of warm saké, two pots of tea, and two little cups. The *bentō*, or luncheon, is supplied in two separate boxes, neatly fastened with some coloured ribbon. One contains nothing but warm, plain-boiled rice, while the other has an assortment of vegetable matter and some fish, the latter separated from the former by a thin wooden partition. It reminded me of the boxes of German toys, the joy of children in the sixties; something I ate dimly recalled the taste of the red paint on a cow I had put in my mouth, and an artificial leaf, placed here to give the *bentō* the touch of colour the combination required, brought back those green scratchy trees under which small wooden cows loved to graze. A new pair of chopsticks and a toothpick neatly wrapped in tissue-paper accompanies the lunch.

We are told that prices have doubled since the late war, and are three times higher than in the nineties; I hardly expected, therefore, to get change out of a fifty-sen bit—*i.e.*, one shilling—for all this food, with the crockery thrown in.

A double row of passengers now sit on their heels on the two long benches to right and left of the carriage. When the meal is over, the empty boxes are thrown on the floor; the chopsticks follow; orange- and apple-peel, paper napkins, and emptied teapots all add to the litter. When the men unsheath the small-bowled pipes which hang from their girdles, and the women produce theirs from a pocket in their long hanging sleeves or from the recesses of the *obi*, the attendant comes and sweeps up all the debris, and shoots it on to the permanent way.

We get glimpses now and again of the avenue of ancient cryptomerias which formerly led from Tōkyō to the mausolea of the great Shōguns. Many of the trees have unhappily been felled, but on nearing Nikkō the avenue, for a distance of twenty miles, is lined with these giants.

We reached Nikkō Station at dusk, and were installed in the Konishi-ya Hotel soon after. It is well not to arrive late in the day at any Japanese *yadoya*; the early guest gets into the hot bath first. It is not the custom to take it in the morning, except at thermal stations where it is going all day. We secured an eight-mat room overlooking the High Street, and were told

that in a day or two a number of pilgrims would be leaving, and we might be able to choose a room more to our liking.

The life here was much the same as at the Kōfu Hotel, except that the pilgrims who flock to Nikkō are rather more noisy than the business men who patronize the former.

We were up early the next morning, as I was itching to see the sights and make the most of the fine weather. The hotel is close to the rapidly-flowing Daiya-gawa, which has to be crossed before reaching the mausolea. It is spanned by a wide bridge, which we and other ordinary mortals have to take; forty yards upstream is a second, and this one none save the Mikado is allowed to cross. This is the *Mihashi*, or Sacred Bridge. The whole structure is red-lacquered, and, partly owing to its unusual colour, as well as its exclusiveness, it has become one of the noted sights of Japan. It has been quite recently reconstructed, as the original one, which dated from nearly three centuries ago, was washed away in 1902.

A legend tells us that one of the earliest Buddhist saints, Shōdō Shōnin, went in search of a holy spot, which had been indicated to him

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from afar by four differently coloured clouds ascending from it. His journey was stopped by the river, which was a rushing torrent at the time. He prayed for Divine help to enable him to cross, and in answer to his prayer, a gigantic being, in coloured robes and a necklace of skulls, appeared on the opposite bank. The mysterious creature threw a blue and a green snake across the stream, not loosing the tips of their tails, which formed a rainbow-like bridge, and our saint was able to cross.

The Sacred Red Bridge now spans the river at this particular spot. The legends of Shōdō Shōnin, and of the still more famous Kobo Daishi, who appeared here a century later, lend an interest to the place. But for my immediate purpose the bridge was no use, for I decided not to paint it the moment I saw it.

Crossing the river, we ascend an avenue just opposite the Sacred Bridge. The dark green cryptomerias hardly allow a ray of sunlight to penetrate, and the darkness of the approach emphasizes the dazzle of colour of the temple buildings when the first glimpse of them is caught. At the top of the avenue, we come to a large walled enclosure, the Mangwanji, in which

a monastery, founded by Shōdō Shōnin, formerly stood.

The road skirts two sides of the enclosure, and on reaching the angle we enter the main avenue, which takes us through *torii* and elaborate gateways to the mausoleum of Ieyasu. Touches of scarlet and gold glitter in the morning sun at the far end of the perspective, closed in by the cryptomerias which intervene.

We ascend some broad steps farther on, pass under a great granite *torii*, and are then in full view of the Ni-ō-mon, the Gate of the Two Kings. It stands on a raised terrace, which is approached by a broad stairway. The retaining wall of the terrace, with its stone balustrade and the imposing flight of steps, are well proportioned to the gateway, but all is dwarfed by the immense size of the cryptomerias which overshadow it. The main colouring of the woodwork is scarlet and gold, and, seen from a little distance, it is impressive as a gem in an expansive dark green setting. When the trees were only ornamental shrubs, the gateway and the buildings beyond would have been imposing from their size as well as from the elaborate carving and brilliant colouring; but they look small now until a figure

stands near them to give the scale. What they may have lost one way is, however, amply compensated. The gem-like effect of the Nikkō temples, overshadowed and backed up by the great cryptomerias, is perhaps their chief charm.

A bright red wall encloses the courtyard beyond the gateway. The three gorgeous buildings which stand here are merely storehouses; what the chief shrine must be like passes all imagination. My little knowledge of architecture and decoration is all at sea. After this scarlet wall nothing need surprise. The shadow from its wide coping and the high key of colour all around, however, puts it right, and no other colour would probably have done as well.

The next court, which is approached by another flight of steps, is more wonderful still. The quaint-shapen drum-tower on the left, the handsome bell-tower on the right, the two huge bronze candelabra, and the highly-wrought lantern from Korea, fill the spectator as much with wonder as with admiration.

A building with a comparatively modest exterior stands on the extreme left of this platform. It was erected in memory of Yakushi, the Buddhist patron saint of Ieyasu. On enter-

ing, we find that the interior eclipses anything which we have so far seen. All that the art of the period was able to produce is seen here to perfection.

The mausoleum of the great Shōgun being now the property of the State, the temple furniture which pertains to the Buddhist cult has in many places been removed ; but in this shrine, specially dedicated to Yakushi, the wishes of its founder have been respected. The statues of the four Heavenly Kings stand in pairs on each side of the altar—terrific beings brandishing weapons and stamping demons underfoot. The twelve followers of Yakushi are to the right and left of the Shi-Tennō, as the four Kings are called. Where there is so much gold and brilliant colouring in the decoration of the wall spaces, it is surprising to find a subdued colour in the ceiling ; a dragon painted in sepia wriggles and twists over the whole of it. It is the work of one of the Kanō, and the wonderful draughtsmanship compensates for the lack of colour.

On leaving this temple, it is a relief to rest one's eyes on the sober grandeur of the cryptomerias which overtop all the buildings.

The north wall of the court is decorated with

large panels of marvellous high-relief wood-carving. Birds fluttering amongst foliage or sprays of blossom, feeding their young, or spreading out their plumage, are the chief subjects. The Japanese pheasant is most in evidence, doubtless on account of its beautiful colour, for all this elaborate carving is painted in the hues proper to the subject it represents. Red-lacquered beams, which form the framework of the fence, serve also as a setting to each panel.

Ascending a third set of steps, we reach the terrace on which the Yōmei-mon stands. This gate is the most noted of all the structures in the Nikkō mausolea. Whether it was that I had had too rich a diet of Oriental splendour to appreciate fully this building I cannot say, but I certainly longed for some plain surface in this highly ornamented and wondrously coloured gate. Every available material is used in its construction, every surface is covered with some geometrical pattern or high-relief carving. Rampant monsters look as if they might fall off the lintels, and a strange beast springs out where the lintel rests on its supporting pillar. The colour scheme differs from the temple buildings we have so far seen: the columns are painted white instead of the red

lacquer so much in use ; blue and green is also more freely used on the carving. It has a look of lightness which is pleasing, but the large shadow spaces in the recesses and under the porch are too much cut up in strongly contrasting tones ; the value of the broad shadow is partly lost thereby, and it gives the structure an appearance of unsubstantiality.

That the Yōmei-mon was a supreme effort on the part of both architect and patron is evidenced by a detail which the guide points out. The pattern on one of the pillars has been purposely inverted, and it is known as the Evil-Averting Pillar—*Ma-Yoke no Hashira*. The superstition was that a building without a flaw might excite the jealousy of the gods, and bring misfortune on the founder's family. The gods must be easily taken in, for the effect is in nowise hurt by it. Space does not allow of a detailed description of this as well as of the other numerous buildings.

The Kara-mon, or Chinese Gate, faces the Yōmei-mon on the farther side of the square. The detail is Chinese in character, though the main outlines are Japanese ; it is as elaborate in ornamentation as the one we have left, but it is

smaller, so as not to dwarf the shrine to which it gives access.

The *Honden*, or oratory, has a profusely decorated exterior, but so much ornamentation has been lavished on the buildings leading to it that there was nothing left to make it stand out as of greater importance than the others.

The interior is very beautiful ; it looks empty in contrast to the richly-furnished shrine of Yakushi, which we have seen. This comes almost as a relief ; had the gorgeous emblems of the Buddhist cult not been removed, one's capacity for admiration would have been as exhausted as the adjectives possible to describe it. The Holy of Holies is beyond : to gain access to it special arrangements have to be made, as well as the payment of ten yen—equal to about a guinea.

We had visited numerous other buildings attached to the great mausoleum ; we had inspected so many objects and details not mentioned here, though full of interest, that it was with no feelings of sour grapes that we turned away to seek the tomb of Ieyasu.

The G.P.F., who has absorbed some of the Voltairian spirit prevalent among the educated



A SHRINE AT NIKKO

classes in Japan, seemed to think that the special arrangements might be easily made, were the ten yen forthcoming. His comment that temples and most religious buildings were means of extracting money was rather severe. Hitherto five farthings was all that we had had to pay to be shown round the inner compartments of any temple. Nikkō stands alone in this respect. A vast sum of money is needed to keep the buildings in repair, and it is fair that those who enjoy seeing them should help most towards defraying the expenses. This is nevertheless overdone. The visitor has to pay three shillings, both for himself and for his guide; and to demand of him another two guineas, should he take his guide with him, is excessive.

What I personally resented still more was that each time I wished to paint in any of the enclosures, the same charges as for a first visit were necessary. I had been informed that a five-yen ticket was obtainable, which would permit of my working here every day for a month; nothing, however, seemed known of this when we inquired at the office. The official was very civil, and he told us that a great many artists painted at Nikkō, but found their best subjects

just outside the enclosed parts. A slight twinkle in his eye seemed to suggest that the state of the artists' purses may have some influence on the choice of their subjects. As the official was in no way responsible for the regulations, it was useless to argue with him.

It is a short-sighted policy, for pictorial representations do much to bring visitors to any place.

The tomb of Ieyasu is on the hill above the shrine. We pass through the Chinese Gate and between two buildings on our left—an altar and the *kagura-do*, or dancing-stage—and we then come to a door in the gallery which fences off this side of the enclosure. The *Nemuri no Neko*, or "Sleeping Cat," of the famous sculptor Jingorō, is pointed out to us. It has been so often reproduced and so much talked about that it may disappoint a good many, especially as it is no better than so much we have already seen. Passing through the door, we ascend a zigzag flight of stone steps till we reach a *torii* and yet another shrine, and behind this, in a clearing in the wood, stands the tomb.

It is an impressive monument, and simplicity itself compared to the highly-decorated buildings we have seen. The design is somewhat like a

one-storied pagoda. As a bit of bronze casting, it proves that Japan had nothing to learn from Europe in that difficult art, for the whole is done in one casting. We are told that the light colour of the metal is owing to a good admixture of gold in its composition. It rests on a simple granite plinth, in front of which stands a huge bronze incense-burner. A stork standing on a tortoise and a large flower-vase, all of the same metal, are to right and left of the burner. A touch of another colour is given by the brass candlestick held in the stork's beak and the brass lotus-flowers and leaves which rise out of the vase. A plain stone balustrade encloses the monument, to which access is given through a handsome bronze doorway.

The tomb is a costly one, and it is in good taste. Its contrasting simplicity to the gorgeousness of all the other structures in the mausoleum suggests, nevertheless, a mock humility on the part of the Shōgun. "Is not everything else in honour of the gods and of his patron saint?" has been said; "whereas this is only to commemorate the resting-place of his mortal remains." A plausible argument, though far from expressing the whole truth. The lavish expense in artistic

production and in material, as well as in the construction of the road from here to the capital, was all for the glorification of Ieyasu and the Tokugawa Dynasty, of which he was the founder. The Mikados, though of heavenly descent and the nominal rulers of the empire, were laid to rest in humble surroundings compared to the mausolea of the powerful Shōguns of this dynasty.

CHAPTER XVIII

NIKKŌ (*continued*)

WE hear little of Ieyasu's son who succeeded him in the Shōgunate. Were it not for his splendid tomb at Tōkyō, most people would not even know his name.

Ieyasu made Yedo his capital. It was then only a humble fishing village, but it soon grew in importance, and its population eclipsed that of Kyōto at the time of the revolution, from which date its name has been changed to Tōkyō. Hidetada, the next in succession, was buried at Shiba in the new capital. His famous son Iemitsu was deemed worthy at his death to lie near his grandfather, and in 1650, when he died, his remains were brought to Nikkō.

The wide avenue which forms the approach to his tomb is the subject of the illustration.

The red-lacquered shrine on the left is one of the *Futatso-do*, or the two temples which are connected with a gallery. It is said that the bones

of Yoritomo are preserved here. As the same thing is said of a temple at Kamakura, our doubts may be pardoned.

The gate at the top of the stone steps is the entrance to Iemitsu's mausoleum. It is similar in design to the first gate of Ieyasu's memorial, but less ornate. It is dwarfed by the size of the cryptomerias which intervene, though it is by no means small in itself. The pilgrims and sight-seers who constantly pass up and down the steps serve to scale it, and they and their picturesque attire add greatly to the subjects.

Were all that is connected with Iemitsu the only architectural attractions here, Nikkō would still well repay a visit. As it is, it is overshadowed by the splendours of Ieyasu's mausoleum. Most of the features of the latter are here, but on a lesser scale.

It was cold work painting this gate, screened as I was from the sun, but not from the chilly winds which blew.

We were not half-way through October. The two thousand feet we were above the level of the sea, and the close proximity to the snow covering the mountain-tops, made me doubtful as to whether I could work a month here as well as a few days

at Chuzenji, which lies two thousand five hundred feet higher.

Miss Crauford, whom I had met at Hakone, was here also. She painted the same subject from the opposite side of the road, where she got the benefit of the sun and a certain shelter from the wind. I thought I liked my view the best; I nevertheless envied her her point of vantage. On a bright day the contrast between the sun and shade was striking.

I procured some little stoves which the Japanese women put in their sleeves and *obi*. They are small enough to push up the sleeve of a coat, and the slow-burning fuse which they hold will keep alight for four or five hours. This species of muff-warmer must be in great demand during the cold weather, for it is procurable in most villages, and costs about a penny, the fuel being proportionately cheap.

Before I could finish my drawing, I had found a place for a stove under my waistcoat, I had stuffed one in each sock, and had a stove under each foot. At Chuzenji, later on, I was like a moving ironmonger's shop.

My preparations against the cold seemed to cause no inconsiderable amusement to the maids

at the hotel, who take that "kindly interest" of which we have heard in all the doings of the guests.

Amongst the many minor objects of interest, I saw many subjects which lent themselves more to pictorial treatment than do the noted sights of Nikkō. I realized after a while that it was not only the fees which induced the artists to choose their subjects outside the mausolea enclosures.

A path through the woods on the north side of the temples leads to one of the many waterfalls abounding in this neighbourhood. There are subjects enough in this walk of half an hour to furnish an artist with material for a long summer's sojourn. We pass several modest shrines, which are more sketchable than the well-kept and elaborate temples in the enclosures. Moss-covered stone lanterns stand between the cryptomerias, which partly line each side of the path, and suggest that the latter was once a stately avenue.

A long and winding flight of stone steps ascends a hill, and leads to a disused and partly ruined temple. From the left-hand side of the steps the waterfall is seen through the branches of the trees, and when the plateau on which the

temple stands is reached, we find ourselves on the level from which the roaring cascade falls.

The priest's dwellings are in little better repair than the temple. An aged wood-cutter lived a hermit life in one of the buildings. He seemed pleased to see us, and gave us some tea. He showed us his stock of abnormal growths which he had fashioned into flower-vases, tobacco-pots, walking-sticks, and what not. He was able to tell us of the days before Buddhism was dis-established, when services were still held in the temple. We had several occasions to call on the old man, and his hot tea was more than welcome after a long sit near the chilly waterfall. The climb up to his house was as warming as his tea.

The whine and grumble so often heard among the aged poor nearer home is rarely met with in Japan, and this old man would never be likely to throw out a hint that he was in want. We could make some return for the trouble he might have been put to by buying an example of his quaint collection, but he did not bring them forward with this object in view, for it was we who asked to see them.

The behaviour of the humbler classes has doubtless changed for the worse in the towns adjoining the foreign settlements. The foreigner naturally comes most in contact with those who live nearest to him and whom he employs, and he has them in his mind when he sneers about "Oriental politeness." The nicest Japanese whom I have met were those who had not had their courtly manners spoilt by contact with the nations of the West.

Let us return to the waterfall, warmed by our tea and our talk with the cheery old hermit, who has passed his life within the sound of the rushing waters.

On a ledge of rock projecting from the lower part of the waterfall, a quaint image of a god is seated. He holds an iron sword in his right hand; the weapon is nearly rusted through, and the top part sways to and fro from the draught caused by the fall of water. The outlines of flames are just discernible on the stone backing of the image. His original ferocious expression has been a good deal modified by the mosses which have taken root in his open mouth and have choked up his distended nostrils.

The G.P.F. thinks that it is Fudō, but as my



FUDO

friend is rather uncertain about his gods, he consults our old friend the hermit. "Yes, it is Fudō, the God of Fire," he afterwards assures me ; but why and by whom he was placed in such a damp situation is more than we can find out. That it might have been deemed a safe place in which to put this fiery old gentleman suggested itself to me ; yet it seems hardly conceivable that such disrespect to a god would be tolerated.

According to Monier Williams, Fudō means "The Immovable," and it is one of the names of the Brahminical God Siva ; while Satow identifies him with Dainichi, the God of Wisdom, which quality is symbolized by the flames which surround him.

Water is no respecter of persons or of stone gods. It squirts and splashes over and around the image, trickles down the flames, and hangs in drops from the nose. A water-wagtail tries the head as a resting-place, till a puff of wind sends the spray that way, and he flies off.

The neighbourhood of Nikkō abounds in waterfalls, and many are very much more imposing. But the image gives this one a kind of human interest, and tempts me to try my hand at a waterfall for the first time.

On our return to the village we saw some men putting up a triumphal arch at the bottom of the drive of the principal European hotel. Others were fixing flag-posts, and from the general interest the villagers were taking in the proceedings, it was evident that something unusual was going to happen.

The autumn manœuvres were taking place some twenty miles from Nikkō, and I had heard that the Emperor was attending them. Could it be he that was coming? I asked Mr. Tsuda to find out, and imagine my surprise when I was told that Lord Kitchener was expected to arrive on the following day!

It was long since I had seen a newspaper, and I had an idea that his lordship was in Australia. Great preparations were also going on at our hotel; in two or three places a half-dozen rooms were turned into one. The six- and eight-mat compartments soon became a forty-mat dormitory by shifting the screens out of the grooves. A guard of honour of a hundred men were mostly to be quartered at the Konishi-ya, besides several officers. I expected to be kept awake half the night by the noise, for the soldiers were to arrive that same evening.

My fears, however, were groundless, for I have never come across better-behaved men in my life. When they had been assigned their quarters, they were told off in batches of fifteen to the bathroom. As only four can squeeze into the hot bath at the same time, I do not know how they managed it. The bath-man informed us the next day that, although there were sixty men, it was so arranged that everyone had his proper share. I felt sorry for the last batch. The men may be fairly clean before the hot soak, but sixty men is a lot! They supped and slept in a wing of the inn other than the one we were in, and the officers occupied the adjoining rooms to mine. By ten o'clock there was not a sound to be heard, except the suggestion of a snore from the other side of the partition.

Lord Kitchener was to spend the best part of the week at the Kanaya Hotel, and take the train daily down to Utsonomiya, near which station the manœuvres were being held. The guard of honour remained at Nikkō to escort him to and from the station.

Mr. Tsuda was asked by one of the officers if a call on me would be welcome, and accordingly

I had a very pleasant evening visit from Lieutenant Katayama. He had served in the late war, as well as in the one with China. He seemed inclined to tell me of some of his experiences, but unfortunately the amount of French he spoke was not sufficient to make him quite intelligible. He would take nothing to drink but tea, and as far as I could gather none of the men under his command took anything stronger.

Imagine the landlord of any licensed establishment in Europe having sixty soldiers quartered on him and doing no business at his bar !

Lord Kitchener arrived at noon on the following day. We saw some hundreds of school-children—each one carrying a little flag—march down to the station to sing a welcoming ode. A servant closed the *shōji* while we were at lunch, and hearing the tramp of many people passing in the street below, I slid the paper-slides back to see the cortège. I noticed that every window which faced the road was closed, and that not a balcony had a spectator in it. It had the depressing effect of the drawn blinds when a funeral is in progress. I mentioned this to the G.P.F., and was told that when a very

high personage passed officially along the streets it was not etiquette to look down on him. I hastily closed the *shōji*, and returned to my lunch.

I knew that this custom obtained when a member of the Imperial Family passed along the streets, and I felt flattered that such an honour should be shown to a distinguished compatriot of mine.

Some days later I heard that if I wished to paint the maples at Chuzenji in the full glory of their autumnal foliage, there was no time to lose.

We engaged a man to carry our necessary traps, and made an early start for the lake. It is seven miles from Nikkō, with a steep ascent during the latter half of the walk.

We follow the course of the Daiya-gawa till we reach Uma-gaeshi, the village at which most people rest before starting on the steep ascent. The name Uma-gaeshi means literally "horse send back," and dates from the time when there was no practicable road, and when visitors were forced to do the remaining journey on foot.

As we ascend, the scenery becomes wilder and more picturesque. We use the old footpath,

which is much shorter than the new road. The two join occasionally, and half-circle round the side of a cliff overlooking the gorge through which the Daiya-gawa rushes.

The foliage of the deciduous trees was in every shade of warm colouring, from pale gold down to a deep crimson. The pines and yews which relieved it looked more sombre than ever in their dark evergreen. We made a slight *détour* to see the Hannya and Hōdō cascades.

A tea-house is perched on the edge of a ravine which commands the best view. A number of Japanese tourists were here, who, like ourselves, were on their way to see the maples at Chuzenji. Many of them had cameras, and were photographing the cascades.

The Hannya falls gracefully from a ledge of rock, which is lost on both sides and overhead in dense masses of maples. The stream at its base is lost and found among the boulders, and comes swirling and splashing in a serpentine line to beneath the stage from which we see it.

Nature seemed bent on showing that she had a reserve of colour which could, when she was in the mood, put to shame the hues of the Nikkō shrines we had left.

We continued our journey till we reached another tea-house, placed at the edge of a cliff overlooking the Daiya-gawa. The air was too chilly for us to enjoy the wild scenery for long. The great sight on the way to the lake was still before us.

After ascending to the level of Chuzenji, and a little before reaching it, we saw a finger-post directing us to the Kegon-no-taki waterfall. A steep path winds down among the cliffs till it nearly reaches the bed of the torrent. A wooden bridge here crosses the base of another waterfall, called Shirakumo, meaning the "white cloud." It is a long bridge and a slippery one, but we must hasten to cross it, or we shall be drenched by the spray from the falling water. We skirt round the edge of another cliff, and descend to a little tea-house placed in full view of Kegon, the grandest fall of water in this part of Japan.

It is the chief outlet of Chuzenji Lake, and the main source of the river near whose course we had been ascending since we left Nikkō. From a narrow cleft in the overhanging rocks it bursts forth in an unbroken cascade till it dashes into the bed of the torrent, two hundred and fifty feet below.

We can hardly hear ourselves speak for the

roar, and it is as well, for comments are superfluous, if not jarring, when face to face with Nature in her most awe-striking aspects.

It would be difficult to imagine a more delightful place in which to spend the hot summer months than on the shores of Lake Chuzenji.

The brilliancy of the colouring we now saw would, of course, be absent, but for a prolonged stay the quieter hues of summer would be more restful. The gorgeous display of late October is as short a period in the course of the year as that of the sunset to the day which it closes. No one would wish to live where the sun was always setting, and he would cease to enjoy the beauty of the fall were it of a longer duration.

We had not arrived a day too soon. On the more exposed mountain-sides the frosts had already shrivelled up the leaves of the maples and turned their crimson to a rusty brown. On the southern slopes of Nantai-zan, which rises four thousand feet above the lake, the trees which clothe them were still in their full splendour.

It was bitterly cold, yet I could not let this opportunity slip without attempting some record of what I saw.

My subject was in the lane leading to Yumoto,

a village situated on the shore of a smaller lake some five miles north of Chuzenji.

But for the provision of muff-warmers which I had brought from Nikkō, work would have been impossible.

The maples were not plentiful just here ; a group of trees which I can only remember as having silvery trunks and limbs, seen here and there amongst a mass of golden foliage, was the chief thing of beauty which I attempted to portray in the illustration which accompanies this.

The inn where we stayed was on the edge of the lake ; we had come with a letter of introduction from the landlord of our Nikkō hotel, a custom which prevails in Japan.

Foreigners travelling without a guide, and frequenting native inns, are much helped by this custom when their knowledge of the language is very limited. It not only assures them of a good welcome, but also states their requirements.

The rain held off during our three days' stay at Chuzenji, and I was able to get another study near the Kegon Falls, where the crimson maples were the chief object.

Our return journey to Nikkō was as delightful as our ascent to Chuzenji had been. While rest-

ing at a tea-house in one of the villages on our way, two Americans passed who were distributing tracts to the villagers. A child who had picked up a couple gave one to Mr. Tsuda, and I asked him to translate some of the contents to me.

It was a translation into Japanese of the ordinary evangelical tract met with at home. It would appear as strange and incomprehensible to the Japanese peasant as an English translation of a Buddhist sutra would appear to a peasant at home.

Fortunately, the advice sent from home and posted up in flaming advertisements to drink So-and-so's whisky and no other is as little heeded by the country-folk as are the tracts which well-meaning people distribute.

Japan has learnt much from Europe, but should her people learn to poison themselves with the spirits Europe tries to foist on her, Japan will be wise enough to clap such a duty on alcohol as to make its sale an impossibility.

We spent some delightful days in the garden of a priest after our return to Nikkō. It was one of those small rock-gardens which none but the Japanese know how to make beautiful at a



AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

slight cost — some careful planning at first so as to obtain a well-composed view from the veranda of the dwelling-house, and then Nature is left to do the rest. Such gardens could only have evolved in a mountainous country with an abundance of streams and a warm, moist summer to further the growth of the shrubs, added to the keen æsthetic sense of its people.

I was protected from the rain by the veranda, and to a certain extent from the cold by the kind attentions of the priest's old housekeeper, who placed a charcoal brazier next to me, and had some hot tea always going.

The perpetual tea-drinking in Japan does not have the deleterious effects one might expect. The hot water is never allowed to stand long on the leaves, and the tea is taken sufficiently weak barely to colour the water. It is also taken without milk or sugar, and quenches the thirst more readily than would sweet drinks. The tea is green, and differs in flavour from that of China or India. Europeans do not at first like it, but if they once acquire the taste, they take to it very readily.

I left Nikkō with great regret. Its name is not harmonious, but it recalls all that is most

beautiful and harmonious in the Far East. Of things seen, the gem-like temple buildings, overshadowed by the giant cryptomerias, hold the first place in my memory ; the kindly welcome of the priest and his elderly housekeeper to their modest dwelling, the simple hospitality of the old hermit near the waterfall, as well as the attention to our needs cheerily given by those at our inn, will all retain a warm place in my heart when the memory of things seen may become dimmed by lapse of time.

CHAPTER XIX

TŌKYŌ

THE chrysanthemum more than the cold weather induced me to descend to the plains and take up my abode at Tōkyō.

My friend Mr. Kanocogni had recommended me to a Japanese hotel not far from the centre of the town, yet well cut off from the noise and bustle of a busy capital. The Také-shiba overlooks Tōkyō Bay; it has a large garden of its own, and the trees of its neighbours give it a seclusion rarely found in a large city.

The garden also had the chrysanthemums of which I was in need.

Such inns as these do not advertise, as in Europe, but depend on custom through the recommendation of previous guests. It is not only recommended to the would-be guest, but he is also recommended to the landlord. In the case of foreigners this is very important, for their usual inability to adapt themselves to the Japanese

mode of living is liable to give the landlord a good deal of trouble, and may induce him to say that he has no vacant rooms.

Our room led out into the garden and overlooked the bay beyond ; it got all the sun, and was sheltered from the cold winds by a projecting wing of the house.

November in Japan is usually the sunniest month of the year. As if to make up for an excessively wet summer, we had sunshine during nearly the whole of this and the following month.

I had seen Tōkyō in dirty weather during the two or three days spent there on my way to Nikkō, and, owing to its low situation and heavy soil, the mud in the streets was indescribable.

Tōkyō had now dried up, and it was possible to walk about the streets with pleasure without the highly-raised clogs the natives wear. A system of tramways takes away from the old-world look which is the charm of Kyōto, but as the distances are very great, the rapid locomotion is a convenience of which I availed myself considerably.

The city is roughly a hundred square miles in

extent; and Asakusa and Mukōjima, where I found my chief subjects, are about seven and eight miles from our hotel.

I started on the chrysanthemums in the hotel garden at once, and Mr. Tsuda explored the neighbourhood for places where these flowers could be seen in masses and painted with convenience.

Chrysanthemum shows were advertised, and it was a great pleasure to attend them. The crowds of people made it impossible to work there, and arranged, as the plants were, in rows and under temporary sheds, they were not as pictorial as when growing in the gardens.

I got what I wanted as an illustration for this book without leaving my hotel, and the G.P.F. discovered a delightful tea-garden in the suburb of Mukōjima which will serve as an illustration to "Japanese Gardens."

Cut flowers were in evidence everywhere, and for a trifling sum it was possible to have a grand display in the *takemono*. Chrysanthemums were to be seen in vases in most of the shops, and in pots in the porches or under the verandas of most of the private houses. It was at Mukōjima that we found the florist's gardens and tea-houses

where I could paint these charming flowers in comfort and amidst suitable surroundings.

A tramway runs the whole distance from the Shiba district to Asakusa, and from thence we take a ferry which crosses the Sumida-gawa, and lands us a mile or more up the stream. On the south or Mukōjima side there is an avenue of cherry-trees two miles long on the river embankment. When they are in blossom, thousands of people come to enjoy the beautiful sight.

The chrysanthemum gardens do not attract such numbers, for the great shows are then going on more in the centre of the city.

The Shakwa Garden attracted me the most. It is a combination of tea-garden and that of a nurseryman and florist. The deciduous trees had mostly shed their leaves, but there were sufficient fine old evergreens to prevent the dreariness of many gardens in the late autumn. The masses of chrysanthemums in beds, in pots, and the more delicate kinds sheltered under thatch-covered roofs, were, of course, the chief attraction.

The marvellous developments of that flower were not to be seen here, as they are in the shows at Dango-zaka and at Asakusa, but there were quite enough for my purpose.

The proprietor was as obliging as I usually found most of the owners of gardens. He would have a table placed wherever I wished to paint, and I could keep my feet from the damp by sitting on it. A charcoal brazier was also a welcome companion. He showed me with great pride the signature of Mr. Taft, now President of the United States, and also some lines dedicated to the *kiku* (chrysanthemum) which that statesman had written. He had cut this out of his visitors' book and framed it. Mr. Tsuda must, I fear, have greatly exaggerated my reputation as an artist, for I was also asked for my signature and a laudatory word or two about his garden.

Mukōjima is as unlike an ordinary suburb of a great city as it is possible to conceive. It lies very low, and is not considered sanitary, for the rents of the small houses are as low as the situation. It reminded me of the outskirts of some Dutch towns, from the number of ditches on the sides of the roads and the little bridges and gates that give access to the garden patches in front of the houses. The hedges are trimmed and evergreens are cut into shapes, as is also seen in Holland. The houses themselves are, of course, quite different, being entirely constructed of

wood, save the dark-grey tiled roofs. I was told that the rents of a great number were a shilling and less per week.

There are some quaint little restaurants in this suburb, some of which are noted for a particular dish. The well-to-do of Tōkyō often partake of them when a floral attraction brings them this way.

We tried most of the eating-houses, as it was too far to return to our hotel. Some are built on piles driven into a pond they overlook. Goldfish will collect near the staging, when guests appear, for the crumbs which may drop from their six-inch tables. A crane will stand at the edge of the water casting an envious eye on the perforated eel-tub lashed to one of the piles. Distorted pine-trees and azalea-bushes, growing amongst the rock-work, fringe the sides opposite the building.

Where circumstances allow, stone lanterns or a bronze water-basin add to the decoration.

Sakana-no-tempura and *unagi-meshi* are dishes which can usually be obtained, and they are both dishes to be remembered. The first is a kind of fish-fritter—often crayfish and prawns similarly treated—and the second is stewed eels in layers of rice and flavoured with *soyu*, the favourite Japanese sauce. The latter dish is often served



CHRYSANTHEMUMS

in a lacquer box, delicately fashioned and in shape like a lady's glove-box.

There was one restaurant where food was especially prepared for the followers of a certain Buddhist sect, and where not even fish was allowed in their diet. We did not patronize it, as we wanted something more sustaining than lotus-roots and bamboo-shoots. I seemed to get on very well without meat; but where eggs are little used, and milk and butter never, fish as a substitute for flesh seems indicated.

Beef is now to be had in purely Japanese eating-houses in most centres. It had not yet reached Mukōjima.

We went often to Asakusa, one of the oldest and most picturesque districts of Tōkyō, for before we had seen the last of the chrysanthemums a subject there had ripened, and at all costs I had to make an effort to paint it.

The great *icho*-trees surrounding the temple of Kwannon had turned to the golden splendour which adds another attraction to this spot during the waning of the year.

Kwannon's shrine is the largest religious edifice in the capital; it is not gorgeously decorated, as are the temples of Nikkō, nor as some others in

Tōkyō itself. It has all the appearance of being there for the use of the people, and not of being kept up as a show place.

The 17th and 18th of each month are days sacred to the goddess Kwannon, and on those days a fair is held on the large space between the *Niō-mon* and the temple itself. It is picturesque beyond measure. Stalls, holding everything which may appeal to the tastes and purses of the poorer classes, are rigged up between the trees and the enormous stone and bronze lanterns; conjurers and fortune-tellers collect groups around them; sellers of charms and the *ichiko*, who professes to give tidings from the dead, are seldom absent.

The fair not only invades the precincts, but encroaches beneath the colonnade that surrounds the sanctuary in the temple itself. The doves, which flutter fearlessly amongst the crowds outside, seem quite at home in Kwannon's shrine.

Where to find a spot from which to paint this exciting subject was a matter of a good deal of consideration.

The *Niō-mon*, as the gate which gives access to the precincts is called, furnished me with a

perch from which I could see over the heads of the people.

The terror-striking beings who occupy niches on each side of the entrance have fortunately here a short flight of wooden steps leading up to their enclosures. From this point of vantage I was enabled to make the drawing which serves as an illustration to this book.

I had to choose a day when the fair was not on, for the booths then blocked out too much of my subject. Ordinary days are, however, sufficiently animated for what I wanted.

Asakusa is little affected by the modern innovations which obtrude in other parts of Tōkyō. It is easy to picture the scenes which Mitford laid here in his "Story of the Otokodate of Yedo." Wandering about the extensive grounds of the temple, we were attracted into some of the shows, which are permanent fixtures.

We recognized scenes in some of the other "Tales of Old Japan" which Mitford has so vividly portrayed. We witnessed "The Vampire Cat of Nabéshima," performed by marionettes; and though this tale is as well known in Japan as "Cinderella" is with us, it was interesting to see how the crowd of onlookers were moved by it.

We were here amongst the humbler classes, who, as everywhere else, give more expression to their emotions. The official Japanese, as well as all the more educated, have learnt to disguise their innermost feelings to the extent that inscrutability is one of their chief characteristics.

Within a short distance of the Kwannon a great show of chrysanthemums was now being held. There was a great display of flowers, and it was a very pretty sight, but I saw no varieties which I had not seen in England. Adjoining the open space where the long sheds of flowers are, stands a great dome-shaped building, and, following the crowd into it, we beheld a most extraordinary series of flower-tableaux. Life-sized figures and animals representing scenes from well-known legends were entirely made up of chrysanthemums, except the masks of the faces, which were of wax or some other material.

Millions of buds had been wired together to imitate the colour and pattern of the robes of the personages; not only these, but the trees and rocks and all the practicable furniture of the stage was made up of the same flowers.

It was very quaint and interesting, but hardly

repaid the infinite labour involved in its production.

I did not go to the Imperial garden-party which takes place while the chrysanthemum is in season.

A frock-coat and tall hat are *de rigueur*, and to travel about in Japan with such useless encumbrances is not to be thought of. It is the only occasion, happily, when Japanese ladies wear European dresses. They look charming in their own national dress, and I did not wish to see them in ill-fitting Paris creations. Time, also, was too pressing, for there was a rush of beautiful things in November which I wished to paint while they lasted.

The maple was turning to crimson, the golden leaves of the *icho*-tree had not yet fallen, and I had three chrysanthemum pictures on hand.

The former is quite a fortnight later than on the heights at Chuzenji.

People were beginning to flock to Oji to wander about the maple groves that clothe the banks of the Takino-gawa. The purity of this stream is unfortunately somewhat spoilt by some unlovely factories which have of late sprung up. Oji is also a great resort in the spring, when the

cherry is in bloom, but the smoke from the neighbouring mills robs it of much of its charm.

Omori is at the opposite end of the city, and is within easy reach of the inn where we lodged. I went there once or twice to make a study for the book on gardens.

It is an unfailing pleasure in Japan to find how the people appreciate beautiful nature. They wandered about under these maples, taking in a full measure of the gorgeous colour around them. Strangers from a distance who visited the park took the opportunity to pay their respects to the tombs of the "Forty-seven Ronins," which are in the neighbourhood.

The story of these forty-seven heroes has been so admirably told by Lord Redesdale, who wrote under the name of A. B. Mitford, that I cannot do better than refer my readers to his "Tales of Old Japan."

How they plotted during two years to avenge an insult to their late master, knowing full well that, whether they succeeded or not, death was in store for them; how they fulfilled their vow; and how, having slain their enemy and placed his head on the tomb of their lord, they committed hara-kiri, in the hope of being able to serve their

master in the spirit-world—this, and every incident of the story, appeals to the imagination of the people.

Western folk may admire the heroic devotion of Takumi no Kami's retainers, but some of the means they used to attain their ends, as well as their self-inflicted death, might not meet with approval.

They hold a place in the imagination of the Japanese such as William Tell holds in that of the Swiss.

They lie buried close to the tomb of their master in a little fenced-in graveyard attached to the Buddhist temple of Sengakuji. There is one more stone in the enclosure than those to the memory of Takumi no Kami and his forty-seven followers, and the story of him who lies beneath shows the veneration in which these Ronins were held. One, known as "the Satsuma Man," had seen Oishi Kuranosuké, the leader of the band, lying drunk in the streets of Kyōto. "Faithless beast!" he said, "is this the behaviour of a Samurai, to lead a life of debauchery while the insult and death of his master is still unavenged?" His indignation was so great that he spat in the face of the fallen man.

Two years later, when the fame of the Forty-seven was noised abroad, the man from Satsuma learnt that the life of debauchery which Kuranosuké had led was done as a blind to put his enemy off the scent and make him relax the precautions he was taking against a reprisal.

Filled with remorse for the insult he had given to so noble a man, he journeyed from Satsuma to Tōkyō to make an atonement at Oishi Kuranosuké's grave.

Prostrating himself before the tomb, he humbly begged forgiveness for the insult he had given under a misconception, and, drawing his dirk, he plunged it into his belly and died.

The Abbot of Sengakuji buried the Satsuma man in a grave adjoining that of the man in whose honour he had laid down his life.

In countries where hallowed ground is refused to the suicide, such veneration for men who take their own life is hard to understand. The fears of an awful hereafter which medieval Christianity has left in the minds of most Western people do not exist here. Self-destruction of those who have fallen into disgrace is considered an atonement, and in some cases it is lauded as the most praiseworthy act the person could commit.

I can refer those who wish for more information on the gruesome subject of hara-kiri, to the concluding chapter of Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." A Daymio who had given orders to fire on the European settlement at Kōbé was condemned to commit hara-kiri, and Lord Redesdale, in his then official capacity, had to witness the carrying out of the sentence.

CHAPTER XX

TŌKYŌ (*continued*)

THE landlady of the Také-Shiba interested herself in a performance about to be given at one of the leading theatres for some charitable object, and asked me if I would patronize it. I took tickets for myself and Mr. Tsuda, and regretted that time would not allow me to attend the play until it would be nearly over—namely, about half-past seven. “The greater part would certainly be over,” she said; “but we could still see something, as it went on till ten.” The performance began at two o’clock, and as the piece was to be the “Story of the Forty-Seven Ronins,” I was really sorry not to be able to see the whole of it.

The landlady herself had taken tickets for most of the personnel of the hotel, and as there were to be a series of these performances, the servants had their treats on different days.

The book-keeper, the two maids who attended



MAPLES

to our room, and an elderly duenna, started immediately after the midday rice, and took provisions with them to help them to last out the long entertainment.

When we arrived at the theatre after our dinner, we found the book-keeper at the entrance to receive us and show us our places. After taking off our boots, we were led into the auditorium, and I was amused to find that our seats were on the same mat and in the same pen as those of the book-keeper, the elderly duenna, and that of Kimi San and Utah San, our respective maids.

All were in their smartest kimonos, had the daintiest of fans, and an extra shine on their jet-black hair. A tear which a touching part of the piece had brought to their eyes was immediately wiped away, and three smiling faces were brought down to the matting to welcome the arrival of the two guests. Though Ronins were just about to be ordered to commit hara-kiri, tea must be prepared at once. I tried to assure them that we could easily wait for our tea till after the thrilling episodes on the stage were over. I made a motion of committing hara-kiri with the end of my pipe-stem to emphasize what

I meant, but this started them laughing, as if disembowelling were the greatest joke imaginable. Our neighbours in the adjoining pens seemed to think it equally funny.

I was about the only person in European dress in the theatre, and got, in consequence, more notice than I deserved.

The Ronins did not *hara-kiri* themselves on the stage after all. Only half the play was given when the curtain was drawn; the second half was, presumably, to come off on the following day. A comic piece, only lasting an hour, was to end the entertainment.

The carpenter of Fushimi (if I remember his village rightly) was now to keep the audience in fits of laughter. As in Kyōto, small boys scrambled up the staging to stick their heads under the curtain, so as to lose nothing during the interval, while tea and cakes were being consumed by their elders in the little pens which extended all over the auditorium. The tap, tap of the little pipes as they were emptied into the bamboo ash-tray mingled with the noise of the scene-shifting.

All eyes were suddenly directed to the part of the house opposite the stage. The carpenter

of Fushimi was entering by the bridge which crosses the pit, to join the scene which was at the same time being disclosed.

On the stage his wife and his next-door neighbour are having a dispute about the overdue rent of his cottage. Seeing this from across the theatre, our carpenter loses his temper, and struts across the bridge to come to his wife's assistance. He and the landlady get to words, and he pushes her out of his yard. She trips up and rolls along the stage. The audience by this time are weeping from laughter.

In the next scene a myrmidon of the law appears and tells the carpenter that he will have to appear before the Daymio to answer for his assault on his neighbour and for his overdue rent.

He and his wife and a young sister of his are left in a terrible state of anxiety, till a friend enters from across the pit and tells them to cheer up. He has news to tell which will not only get him out of his difficulties, but will further his prospects. The Daymio had noticed the young sister several times, and had decided on making her his concubine.

The prospects of such a rise in the fortune of the carpenter makes him as extravagantly

boisterous as he had been depressed before. The young sister looks coy, and certainly not displeased. Saké is handed round, and the carpenter becomes pot-valiant, and threatens to go to his landlady's house and give her a bit of his mind. While he is being restrained an envoy from the Daymio arrives, and the joyful news is confirmed.

A period of a year now elapses. Small boys scramble up the stage, and again poke their heads under the curtain to watch the shifting of the scenes. One climbs up on to the bridge and tries to mimic the tipsy carpenter. Tea is made and sipped in every pen, and again the tap, tap of the little pipes striking the edge of the bamboo ash-tray is heard.

The next scene is the open front of the Daymio's palace. The audience are told by the man in the rostrum, to the left of the stage, that Kiku San, the honourable concubine of their great lord, had obtained leave to receive her brother, the carpenter, and show him her baby.

The Daymio is squatting on a raised seat with attendant Samurai on each side of him. Kiku San, now in gorgeous kimono, with whitened face and scarlet lips, sits on her heels to the right of the stage.

The carpenter enters. His borrowed smart clothes sit badly on him ; his awkward manners in the presence of the Daymio keep the audience in fits of laughter ; and his amazement when he sees his sister in her present get-up brings the merriment to a climax. "Her face might be made of plaster !" he exclaims, and crawls up to her as if she were a sacred image.

The Daymio seems amused at the behaviour of his left-handed brother-in-law, and orders some saké to be brought. The carpenter takes to it kindly, and wishes to stand drinks to the Samurai attendants. A nurse next brings the baby, and places it in its mother's lap.

The hero is beginning to show the effects of the saké, and wishes to embrace his infant nephew. Kiku lets him take up the child, whom he handles as if it were a breakable object and covered with wet paint.

When he holds the baby with its feet in the air and head downwards, Kiku rushes forward and rescues her child.

This ends the piece, the plot seemingly no nearer a conclusion than at the beginning of the last act.

The acting throughout was excellent, and the

mise en scène up to the requirements, but that so poor a play should be as popular as it is is hard to understand.

Being a fine frosty night, we walked part of the way back to the hotel, the ladies keeping at respectful distance behind. I suggested to Mr. Tsuda that I should like to make a little return for the tea and cakes which had been served to us during the entertainment. He thought flowers or cakes would be the most suitable. The flower-stalls being closed, we slipped into a pastry-cook's and procured the sweetstuffs we wanted.

On our arrival at the hotel, the landlady had oysters and rice-cakes sent to our room; it was a good opportunity for presenting to Kimi San and Utah San the load of pastry we had collected. They opened the parcels and placed the contents on the low table where we were squatting, and disappeared. I felt that my present had fallen rather flat, and looked at the G.P.F. for an explanation. He said that we must eat some before they did so, and that they had probably gone to fetch the other *nésans*, amongst whom they would divide the sweets.

True enough—we had hardly eaten our oysters and rice-cakes when a dozen or more laughing

little women tripped up to our room, slid back the *shōji*, and one by one brought their heads down to the matting. Having answered their “*Arigatō, arigatō*” with the correct “*Dō itashimashite*,” which corresponds to our “Don’t mention it,” we asked them to sit down.

I was looking forward to an impromptu supper-party, and put the kettle on the *hibachi* to boil, but instead of eating the sweets, they kept pressing Mr. Tsuda and myself to have some. We assured them that, having condescended to eat the honourable oysters, we had had quite sufficient.

It was evidently not etiquette for them to eat here, and as they did not take the things away, the usual kind of conversation followed: “What is your name?” “*Mura*”—from a pretty little slopy-eyed creature. *Mura* means village. “Are they all as nice-looking in your village?” *Mura*’s eyes become two oblique slits, and the expected answer comes: “Most of the *musumé* in my village are much prettier; I am the least worth looking at.” You ask *Mura* her age—quite the polite thing to do—and she asks you to guess. You guess sixteen. She thanks you for the compliment, and says she is already nineteen.

Meno San, or Miss Plum, is asked, after her age is under-guessed, whether she is already betrothed. Meno says, "No, no, no," and several others join in that the *nakōdo* is now arranging a marriage. You tell Miss Plum that you hope the match-maker may find a rich man, and one to her liking. Plum answers that she does not care whether he be rich or poor, as long as he is kind. "I can work," says Miss Plum, showing a pair of well-rounded arms. "If only he be kind to me I shall make him happy, however humble an *uchi* we may have to live in."

I have heard this kind of remark several times. The marriage tie being much looser here than in Europe, the fear that the husband may tire of his wife seems to haunt these sensitive little women.

After hearing the names and guessing the ages of the Misses Village, Plum, Bamboo, Pine, Peony, Lily, Clean, Song, and several others, and after attempting little comments on their names, I was rather hoping that the meeting would break up.

Miss Clean asked if she might see the photographs of my wife and sons. "How old were the sons? how old was the Oko San?" I told them my sons' ages, and must have under-guessed that of my wife, for a little calculation would

have made her a mother at about nine years of age. They did not calculate so deeply, and it passed. "Had I no daughters?" "No." "Oh, then, I will be a daughter-in-law," came from Miss Peony, a jolly little woman of seventeen. "Write and tell your son to come to Japan, and I shall marry him instantly." (The son is perhaps as well where he is.) "Isn't he a beauty!" And then a lop-sided compliment came my way: "He must have been good-looking when he was young." This after a careful comparison of the photograph with myself.

It was getting very late, and I gave the G.P.F. a hint to break up the party. The hint he gave was, I thought, abrupt: "Get the room ready for the night."

The cakes were marched off, and the whole string of girls brought their heads to the floor: "O yasumi nasai."

Amidst the chatter and giggling we heard a dozen or more dainty little feet tripping along the passage.

Play was now over for Kimi and Utah. Everything had to be dusted and put in its place, the matting vigorously swept, clothes folded, and the quilts spread out on the floor. The

heavy *hibachi*, which in winter serves to warm the room as well as to light the pipes and keep the kettle on the boil, is taken out, for no one sleeps with the live charcoal in the room. "O yasumi nasai" from Kimi and Utah, and we are left to dream of the tipsy carpenter and the plaster face of Kiku San.

In taking leave of Tōkyō, I feel how much of what is beautiful there has not been mentioned in these pages. Shiba and Ueno, the two great gardens where, amidst magnificent trees, gorgeously decorated shrines mark the resting-place of former Shōguns; the art treasures in the museum and temples, have not even been alluded to.

Tōkyō is the heart of the Japanese *Risorgimento*. The fight at Ueno in 1868, when the Imperial troops routed the followers of the Shōgun, was one of the last blows to the old order, and modern Japan dates from thence.

These and other matters have been fully and ably dealt with, and do not come within the purpose of this book.

I have endeavoured so far to treat of the pictorial aspects of Japan, and of the life of the people with whom I was thrown.



COTTAGE AT ATAMI

I did not visit the hospitals and prisons, but contented myself with hearing from others that these institutions were regulated according to the most up-to-date systems obtaining in Europe.

The seamy side of Japanese life is little in evidence unless the traveller goes out of his way to seek it. He can wander about the streets at night, and will rarely, if ever, see anyone the worse for drink, and he will never hear the foul-mouthed abuse often heard in Western cities. Brazen-faced solicitation to vice is entirely absent. It is true that libertinism is permitted and State-regulated, but it is strictly confined to one quarter.

The Yoshiwara is the name given to that quarter in Tōkyō. The courtesans and those who live on their trade alone inhabit it. It is a sad sight to see some two thousand of these unfortunate women, decked in gorgeous apparel, seated behind the gilded bars of what would correspond to a shop-front at home. The solicitation is done by the brothel-keeper, who sits at the entrance and extols his wares to the visitors.

The quiet behaviour of the young women adds to the pathos of the scene. Not one is probably here from any desire to lead what is termed "the gay life."

They are recruited from the poorest country districts, where, after a bad harvest or other misfortune, a peasant may be found to sacrifice a daughter to keep the family roof over his head.

She earns nothing herself during the term of her degradation; her wages are paid to her parents, and she must hand over to her keeper any presents she may receive.

Till the year 1900 these unfortunate girls had no hope of freeing themselves, unless the moneys disbursed to their parents could be restored to their keepers, and unless the debts incurred for their clothes could be wiped off. An agitation against the system was begun by the Japan branch of the Salvation Army. The Press took it up, and a law was passed which renders it easier for the inmates to free themselves.

Members of the Salvation Army stormed the Yoshiwara, and from the streets explained to the women the new state of the law. They also told them that work would be provided which would keep them, and enable them to pay off their debts in time.

There was a great disturbance, many of the women rushing out to join the Salvationists. The brothel-keepers overawed the more timid

ones, and stoned and hustled the propagandists. Most of the local papers approved the action of the Salvation Army, and many of the houses had to close their doors.

The number of the inmates has decreased considerably since then. She who enters there does not, as formerly, abandon hope.

The tourist who makes a short stay in Japan is usually taken to the Yoshiwara as one of the sights of Tōkyō. He is also taken to the tea-houses to be entertained by the geisha, and he leaves the country with the impression that Japanese womanhood is of easy virtue. That he is wrong I am convinced. The legitimate aspiration to marry and become the mother of children is stronger in Japan than in most countries. To carry on the family cult is as much the desire of every peasant-girl as is the desire in England in the more favoured classes to have an heir to inherit an estate. She may marry when she has served her term, but she returns to her village as a damaged article, and marriage may not improve her lot.

The attitude of the respectable women towards the licensed hetairæ is different from what we find it at home. They are spoken of freely, not

necessarily in condemnation, but as unfortunates whom stress of circumstances has forced to lead this life. In hotels, where temptations to vice may be greater than in the villages, the Yoshiwara is held out to the maids as a place of punishment where they might be sent should they misbehave.

While wandering about Asakusa during one of its fairs, I was attracted into a show where a series of tableaux were on view. They represented episodes in the history of the popular heroes and heroines of Japanese romance. Amongst them was a variant of the story of Claudio and Isabella in "Measure for Measure." The hero is a young nobleman who is left no choice than to commit hara-kiri unless he can pay off some debt of honour, and the heroine is his sister. He does not plead, as did the miserable Claudio :

"Sweet sister, let me live: What sin you do to save a
brother's life, Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue."

And she does not answer him :

"O dishonest wretch! Wilt thou be made a man out of
my vice? Is't not a kind of incest to take life from
thine own sister's shame?"

A third personage in the tableau is that of a woman seated in her litter, which two carriers are resting on the ground. She holds out the purse of gold which will pay off the young man's debt and save his life. The sister pleads with her brother to take the money, though it is the price of her honour which the emissary from the Yoshiwara is offering.

The sympathies of the crowd who looked on were all with the young noblewoman, and had the brother yielded, her shame would have been counted to her as a noble sacrifice.

Asakusa is the district of Tōkyō which seems the least affected by European influence. Whether it be much visited by the inhabitants of the centre or west end of the city I could not say, but I rarely saw a man there in the Western clothes which the business and official classes are adopting. Advertisements in European characters are, happily, also rare. Even the lettering round the familiar poster of the terrier listening to the gramophone was in Chinese characters. Queer sounds proceed from the gramophone when heard in Asakusa. The terrier would listen in vain for "his master's voice." Western music would be as little under-

stood here as the song of the geisha would be at home.

I had seen that poster begun, continued, and ended in the studio of my friend Francis Barraud, and little expected to find it in the by-ways in Japan.

The cinematograph has caught on as much as the gramophone has. I attended a performance where there was an even mixture of Parisian and Japanese scenes. The intrigues of Alphonse and madame's lady's-maid were entirely lost on the audience, and would not have been edifying had they been understood, whereas "The Loves of Gompachi and Komurasaki" moved the audience to tears.

I saw one of the "Tales of Old Japan" in the making while at Nikkō. The actors were going through their parts on the bridge which crosses the Daiya-gawa. The cinematographer was winding his machine, while a young woman was attempting to throw herself from the parapet, to escape from the attentions of a young Samurai. It was during the busiest part of the day, and the click, click, click of the camera was often interrupted to allow the ordinary traffic to pass.

The Red Sacred Bridge formed the background

to the drama which was being recorded. It is a far cry from Shōdō Shōnin's rainbow-like arch to the faking of the cinematographic performance I witnessed.

Whether there be a fair going on or not, the narrow streets and open spaces of Asakusa are always full of people. It is a populous district, and it also attracts the country-folk, who make their purchases here, and can always find some entertainment.

I saw no drunkenness and I heard no quarrelling. Once I was prepared to witness a row, for I could not conceive a similar accident happening anywhere without one. A tramcar we had taken to come here fouled the end of a long ladder which was on a two-wheeled cart. The ladder and cart spun round, and the farther end was dashed into a shop-window, upsetting and smashing most of the hardware displayed. The shopman, the tram-conductor, and the man with the ladder were the three whom a Westerner would expect to hear blaspheme, even if the other witnesses held their peace. No such thing took place here. The three mostly concerned addressed each other politely, took out their notebooks and wrote down the circumstances, leaving the amount

of damages to be settled later on. After a quiet talk they bowed to each other, the conductor returned to his car, and we continued our journey.

When men of this class are brutally addressed by Westerners at Kōbe or Yokohama, what must they think of the higher civilization which the Westerner proudly assumes to represent?

CHAPTER XXI

ATAMI AND CONCLUSION

THE increasing cold weather when November ended made it impossible to work out of doors unless I could happily find a place in the sun and sheltered from the wind. Our room in the hotel was bearable while the sun shone on it, but the *hibachi* was not enough to keep it warm at other times.

I made inquiries as to where in Japan it might be possible to find a sheltered place which would permit of my working out of doors. I was told that I could find no warmer spot than Atami. I looked up what Murray had to say about it, and the first paragraph I read decided me to go there: "Atami has become a favourite winter resort of the Japanese, as it possesses hot springs, and is protected by a high range of hills from the north-westerly winds which prevail at this season. The whole stretch of coast from Kōzu, on the Tōkaidō Railway, to Atami partakes more or

less of the same advantage, and the soft air, the orange-groves, and the deep blue of Odawara Bay, combine to make of this district the Riviera of Japan."

The phrase "favourite winter resort" did not frighten me as it does nearer home. Such places are not made hideous in Japan with rows of jerry-built villas, an uninteresting esplanade, and an iron pier. A further inducement was that within a mile from Atami was the Bai-en, or plum-garden, blossoming from the new year to early February.

Leaving the Tōkaidō Railway at Kōzu, we took an electric tramway to Odawara, which has been mentioned before. We then took the little steam tramway which winds along the coast, and reached our destination in another three hours.

The Higuchi Hotel, where we put up, is the one amongst the many which is in part Europeanized, and where a fire-place in the rooms, as well as large glazed windows, promised to make my work a possibility, should the fine weather break. I decided to stay there at least a month, and, anyhow, not leave it till I had made some studies of the plum-blossom.



A PLUM-ORCHARD

When a place has been much praised, it is seldom that a slight disappointment does not await the visitor. This was not the case at Atami. For one thing, the fine weather usually expected in November lasted on, with but few breaks, till after the new year. We could enjoy the sunshine under the shelter from the piercing cold winds. Though only sixty miles or so from Tōkyō, the difference was nearly as marked as between the temperature of the North and South of France.

I was at first the only guest in the European part of the hotel, while in the purely Japanese portion, where Mr. Tsuda lodged, there were a fair number who were taking the baths. Foreign visitors had engaged all the rooms in my part for the Christmas holidays.

The blue sea and the lie of the land reminded me of Alassio and other places on the Italian Riviera. I found temples here under the shade of huge camphor-trees and evergreen oaks, also beautiful orange-groves with thousands of golden spheres ready to be culled. The streets were as picturesque as those of any primitive Japanese country town which is not "a resort," and the many things which are sketchable in most fishing

villages were in plenty where the town reaches the shore of Odawara Bay.

I started to work at once in an orange-grove, as the fruit was already being picked in the neighbourhood.

The first promise of spring showed itself at Bai-en before December was half through. The buds of plum-blossom wanted but a few days more of sunshine to open their petals. A large rose-bush was in full bloom at the entrance to a rustic tea-house where we rested. We were promised here that in another fortnight Bai-en would be in its full beauty.

I painted the rose-bush and tea-house, as well as the keeper's little daughter with the last-born slung on her back.

Bai-en is more of an orchard than a garden. It stretches for nearly a mile up a fold in the hills, and is divided in two by a running stream. We saw it at its best only just in time, for the long spell of fine weather broke soon after its myriads of snowy petals had attracted people from far and near to gaze on its beauty.

Great preparations were going on at the hotel for the foreign visitors from Yokohama and Tōkyō, who were to arrive on Christmas Day.

Two or three spring-cleanings rolled into one would hardly equal the scrubbing and dusting that went on.

The cook and the landlady made the decoration of the dining-room their special care. Garlands and coloured-glass globes were hung on the walls and criss-crossed the ceiling. A large sideboard was laden with fruits and sweet-stuffs, and a huge Christmas cake with wondrous sugary floral adornments formed the centre-piece.

Much time was spent on the arrangement of the flowers placed on each table. The landlady had evidently attended in her time classes where the making of posies is solely taught. Her floral compositions had all the necessary requirements: the longest spray in the middle, a shorter one branching away from it, and a third half the length of the latter bending over to the opposite side. The angle at which the centre stem leans over is a matter of great importance, and the stem is often steamed and tied till a graceful curve is obtained.

A consultation with the cook took place as to whether one of the compositions could not be amended so as to make a good silhouette from the four ends of the table. Some slight re-

adjustments followed, and they were satisfied that the æsthetic tastes of their guests would not be shocked.

We were to have the orthodox Christmas dinner, and I thought it might be a novel experience to Mr. Tsuda to attend it. He accepted my invitation, and seemed pleased to do so. A few hours before the feast he came to my room and asked to be let off. He gave some lame excuse about Japanese cooking suiting him better, but as we had often had European meals together, and he never seemed the worse for them, I felt convinced that there was some other reason.

The guests had arrived early in the afternoon, and something in their manner of treating him was probably the cause.

When the dinner was announced, I sat in my usual corner at a little table by myself. I was curious to see if the pains the landlady had taken with the decorations would be appreciated.

Four young men, connected with business in the foreign settlements, took their seats at the table on which the chief floral composition was placed. A handsome Englishman, with the build of a young Hercules, sat nearest to the carefully bent end of the twig. In stooping forward this

tickled his forehead ; he tried to push it aside, but once or twice more it touched his head. Irritated at this, he called out to the landlady, who stood near :
“ Here, old lady, take this damn thing away !”

As she removed the floral composition, the poor woman looked my way. “ Is it for this that I took such pains ?” That look expressed this question as clearly as the spoken word. Some Japanese equivalent to “ casting pearls ” probably passed through her mind.

At the farther end of the room there sat round a large table the landlady's old father, her husband and several children, as well as some other relatives. They seemed to be enjoying this unusual meal, though some were as little used to a knife and fork as I was to chopsticks when I first dined in a Japanese inn.

I heard one or two remarks near me about the cheek of their coming here, and why couldn't they feed in the native part of the hotel ? I remarked to one who appealed to me that I had often fed in purely Japanese restaurants, and I hoped that the native guests had not resented my doing so. “ Look how that one uses his fork !” I answered that it was not half as funny as my first attempts with chopsticks.

My suspicions why Tsuda had backed out of dining here this evening were now confirmed.

At the end of the dinner one of my four neighbours at the next table made some amends for the slight to the floral composition by taking a bundle of crackers to the family group and pulling them with the different members. This seemed much appreciated, and after some consultation, the landlord's little daughter of about eight was sent to our end of the room to hand to us some Japanese sweets.

I have often been told by the old resident who prides himself on knowing the Japanese that I must not flatter myself that they like us, in spite of their courteous manners. Probably they do not, when they take foreigners collectively ; but most probably they take the individual as they find him.

The trifling incidents which I have mentioned may show how easily the susceptibilities of a people may be offended, and yet how easy it is to ingratiate oneself if a little pains are taken, as in the case of the gentleman with the crackers.

The four men, seeing that I was alone, kindly invited me to join their party, and some champagne made the conversation flow. They had

all been in Japan longer than I had, and spoke more of the language. More things were told me to the prejudice of the Japanese. "Wait till you have lived here as long as we have, and you will change your mind," was heard once more. It recalled a remark I once heard from the late Sir William Harcourt, and that was: "When a man tells me that he has lived twenty years in a country and speaks the language, I generally don't believe a word of what he says."

This remark struck me at the time as rather absurd, but I have since come to the conclusion that there is a certain amount of truth in it.

A strong prejudice may easily outlive twenty years in any country. A young clerk joining a house of business which is losing its trade through native competition is not likely to hear unprejudiced opinions of the natives who have become serious rivals. We often hear the honesty of the Chinese traders quoted to the prejudice of the Japanese men of business.

Wait till John Chinaman becomes a serious rival in the trading now in the hands of the foreigner; we shall not hear so much then about this honesty. As I mentioned before, the foreign residents whom I had the pleasure of meeting,

and who were not connected with trade, all spoke well of the Japanese. Our statesmen were the first to make treaties whereby foreigners were made subject to Japanese law, and they were the first to deem Japan worthy of an alliance.

Some of the English newspapers in Japan would do well to remember this before publishing the disparaging articles often seen in them ; and good taste should prevent the wholesale abuse which some of the residents level at the people in whose country they are making their living.

An artistic nation, and one whom the whole world admires for the unparalleled sacrifices it has made to preserve its independence, must of necessity be a sensitive nation. The Japanese seldom resort to vituperation in answer to the sneers of the Westerners ; they may resent them in silence, but the resentment is there nevertheless.

A case of one being answered in kind was told me by a Japanese friend, and is worth repeating. It was during the time when feeling ran high concerning the treatment of Japanese children in the schools in California. An American addressed a Japanese he met in the States as follows : " Well, what kind of a ' nese ' are you, a Chinese or a Japanese ? " He was answered by another question :

“What kind of a ‘kee’ are you, a donkee or a Yankee?” They resent being taken for Chinamen, and they resent being termed Japs. I have argued with them that the latter term, though often used, is not necessarily meant as a slight, and that in the slipshod English of ordinary conversation names are constantly clipped of some of their syllables. Laplanders are called Laps, and the Papuans are probably called Paps; but I did not make use of this analogy.

Since 1873 Japan has adopted the Gregorian Calendar; thus, her New Year falls on the same day as ours. It is the chief holiday of the year. Officially it lasts three days, but it is generally a week or more before people resume their ordinary work. Both the European and Japanese sides of the Higuchi were crowded with visitors. The Westerners spent their holiday in climbing the mountains, taking excursions along the beautiful sea-coast, or visiting one of the islands in the bay. A few went to Bai-en on my recommendation, but they soon tired of looking at plum-trees. It was good enough for Japanese and feeble kind of people, such as artists and writers!

When we consider how seldom we hear at home of excursions being made to view the

beauty of the apple-orchards in Kent, when the trees are laden with pink and white blossoms, or we consider the surprise of a Normandy farmer should a party of Parisians ask to wander amongst his apple-trees, is it to be wondered at that Westerners residing in Japan should feel equally indifferent to these plum-trees?—The æsthetic sense, which is developed in a few in the West, seems universal here in the Far East.

Trade competition, piece-work, and so on, may blunt the sense in Japan, as it has done elsewhere. Prophecies concerning the destinies of this country have so often proved wrong; let us hope that this one may be equally fallacious.

Crowds flocked to Bai-en to stroll about in the chequered sunlight and gaze at the snowy blossoms above them. Groups of people sat about in their holiday kimonos; young poets wrote verses to the *Ume* to be hung from the boughs of the trees they extolled. The tea-houses did a good trade, and the diviner and fortune-teller was seldom without a client.

There was a tea-garden near the shore which the plum-blossom now also beautified. I found subjects there for the book on Japanese Gardens.

Fishing competitions took place from the edge

of a tortuous and well-bridged pond. The gold-fish had little to mind from being caught, for, when released from a barbless hook, they swam about in a tub of water, and were returned to the pond when the entertainment was over. There was much more colour in the dresses of the people than at ordinary times. The children especially had gorgeous cloaks, with flowers and butterflies embroidered on them.

The fisher-folk living near the shore had flowers and fishes on the blue cotton kimonos, which they only wear during the New Year festival. Garlands hung from the balconies, and a lobster, framed in a double loop of twisted rope, was fastened over many doorways. The crooked back of the lobster symbolizes old age, and expresses the wish of long life to the members of the household.

I should have found it hard to tear myself away from Atami at any time. Protected as it is from the piercing winds, it was still harder to return to the wintry cold beyond the sheltering mountains. I was obliged to return to England in the spring, and wished to revisit Kyōto before I left Japan.

“If it must be so,” say the Japanese, in their graceful parting address—“Sayonara.”

After several attempts to see the geyser (Atami's show-sight) break out, I succeeded in seeing it belch up its heated water amidst a dense cloud of steam. I felt I could now depart in peace, and the G.P.F. and I started on our return journey to Kyōto.

We visited Kamakura, the ancient capital of the first Shōguns, climbed up the interior of the bronze *Daibutsu* or the colossal Buddha, saw the thousand-handed Kwannon, and wandered about the precincts of Hachiman's shrine.

We broke our journey to Kyōto by spending a night at Nagoya. I had obtained a permit from the British Embassy to view the great castle. I wipe Nagoya out of my reminiscences ; it rained steadily, and we could not visit the castle because the Crown Prince was in residence at the time.

At Kyōto Station I parted company with Mr. Tsuda. He had been my guide, philosopher, and friend for five months past ; we had had many a day's tramp together ; he had shared my room in humble country inns, and he had been able to pilot me around some quarters in the cities which are hardly known to its well-to-do inhabitants. Having obtained a permanent situa-

tion with a large firm at Ōsaka, he was anxious to catch the next train to that city.

The manager of the Yaami was there to meet me, and I felt somewhat like returning home when I got back to my old quarters in his hotel. I looked up the friends I made in Kyōto. Mr. Blow had not returned from England; I was fortunate in being able to renew my acquaintance with Mr. Gordon-Smith before he left, and enjoyed seeing the additions he had made to his unique collection of Chinese snuff-bottles. Monsieur Odin showed me a good deal of hospitality, and was able to give me much information about early Japanese art.

I revisited the apartments of Chion-in Temple with my friend Kanocogni, and we spent some happy hours together during the long evenings. I had never been over the Nishi Hongwanji temple, as there is sometimes a difficulty in getting admitted; and had I no other reasons for returning to Kyōto, only to see this shrine would have been reason enough.

The apartments are the residence of the Prince-Abbot, and are adorned with the best paintings of the masters of the Kanō School. They are as important in their relation to the art of Japan as

the Loggia at the Vatican or the Doge's Palace at Venice are to the art of Italy. There is not one inharmonious note in one of these spacious rooms.

Space does not allow of a detailed account of the beautiful things to be seen there. Those who make a short visit to Kyōto make a point of seeing the Imperial Palace, and have often no time left to visit the Nishi-Hongwanji. There is little of exceptional interest in the former, while in the latter they can see the best art that Japan has produced.

I also made a point this time of seeing the popular Shinto temple of Inari. I went with my young friend Masuda. It was either the Day of the Horse or the Day of the Serpent, according to the old reckoning, for crowds of country-folk come here on those two days and bring offerings to the shrine of the popular goddess. They also place food near the foxes' holes in the grounds, but whether these attendants on Inari actually eat the food, or whether they even exist here, I could not ascertain. Their images are seen in plenty, and they are the prototype of the numerous stone and plaster foxes met with all over Japan.

The image of the Rice Goddess is seldom visible, but I have hardly been in a hotel or tea-garden without seeing a little shrine flanked with her pair of attendant foxes.

The most singular sight is, however, the hundreds of red *torii*, standing so close together as to form a continuous colonnade in places, and they are also met with in all the walks in the extensive grounds attached to the temple.

Should a visitor to Kyōto have but a week at his disposal, I would recommend him to visit Inari's shrine, in spite of the distance, providing he can get there on one of the popular days.

If he must see an Imperial residence, and has obtained the permits, let him go to Nijo Castle rather than to the Palace. Should he have time for neither of them, he may console himself that Nishi-Hongwanji is more or less of an Imperial residence, and is much more beautiful than the two former.

There are hundreds of shrines, each with some especial objects of interest, but when time is limited it is well to devote it to those offering the greatest attractions. The apartments of Nishi-Hongwanji contain the finest art production not only of Kyōto, but of all Japan. Kyomizu-dera

should be visited for the beauty of its situation and surroundings. Lovers of gardens should try and see Ginkakuji, and they will see glimpses of another temple garden while they view the apartments at Chion-in. Kurudani more than repays a visit, and the temple of Sanjusangendo is full of interest.

While the cherry blossoms, or when the maple turns to crimson, the descent of the Katsura-gawa rapids will make a delightful day's excursion. Should the visitor miss either of those seasons, he may be fortunate enough, as I was, to see the river-banks clothed in a crimson mass of wild azaleas.

During the hot weather, a day on Lake Biwa is refreshing ; he can visit the Māidera Temple, the famous tree of Karasaki, the long bridge of Seta, and rest in the beautiful gardens of Hikone.

Nara can be seen in a day's excursion from Kyōto. The park, with its majestic avenues of cryptomerias and hundreds of moss-covered stone lanterns, as well as the deer, who, fearing no evil, gather round the visitor to be fed, combine to make Nara a place which will long be remembered from amongst the many beautiful places seen in Japan.

Better to have but a week in Kyōto than not to have seen it; but those fortunate enough to be able to spend a month there may daily find something to admire, something to interest, and a fund of entertainment in seeing its people at their daily work and joining them in their innocent recreations.

The cold weather—for February is the coldest month in Japan—lessened my regret at having to leave this enchanting city. Had I stayed another month, to witness the witchery of spring's awakening in the beauteous temple grounds, it would have added tenfold to my sorrow in leave-taking.

The more genial climate of Hong-Kong, and the warm welcome I would receive from the friends I had made there, hastened my departure.

I bid farewell to the numerous Japanese with whom I had come in friendly contact in their own beautiful expression, "Sayonara." And farewell to the patient reader who has followed me so far in these reminiscences of "Japan and the Japanese.

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